

A Bad Day

by QuillOwl

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Summary: HIATUS *By 'The Blue Phantom' and 'QuillOwl'* A conversation over a popular, fan-based website turns the lives of Quill and Blue upside-down. With mysterious spirits, rainbow sheep, tiny minions, an odd sickness, bad time-travel and some awkward, fangirling moments, these two 'fangirls' must join the world of their obsessions, Which could only end in disaster...

1. Prologue

Come one, come near

And you shall hear

The daring tale

Of two writers who should be in jail

It started off with just one word

Then took off like a frightened bird

A viking and dragon from back in time

A girl who writes in only rhyme

Quilly attacked by killer sheep

Minions lurking while you sleep

Sickness attacking Blue

Oh no! What will we do?

Spirits running willy-nilly

Standing by Blue's side is Quilly

Someone who is always there:

The boy with the white hair

2. Chapter 1

QuillOwl here! One of the authors of this **_mentally insane_**** fanfiction.**

And by mentally insane, I do mean **_absolutely mentally in-fricking-sane._**

This little plot bunny bounced from its rabbit hole while me and 'The Blue Phantom' were talking via Private Messaging (All starting from me reviewing her fanfiction poems: 'The Boy with the White Hair'.) and it just turned into slight roleplaying.

And then, of course being the mental crazy fangirls we are, we decided to create it into a fanfiction.

You guys must remember: This is categorised as **_‘Humor’_.
****This story might have some serious moments (Excuse me, almost choked by laughter as I wrote that) but it's basically a whole, hilarious fanfiction that shouldn't be taken at all seriously.**

Also, Yes, it does say it's a crossover with 'How to Train your Dragon' but that will happen **_much_**** later on.**

Alrighty then, let's get this little plot bunny over with then, shall we?

* * *

><p>QuillOwl would describe herself as a hermit.</p>

Not, a very bad hermit. But still a hermit.

Or, in other terms, has a very bad case of 'Fangirl'.

What is fangirl?

Don't ask. Don't ever ask.

For, if you don't know, then you should stay away from the creatures that are named 'Fangirls'.

Thus, is the reason Quill doesn't have many friends.

Maybe a few close friends at school, and an occasional neighborhood friend she talks to when she walks home, every weekday.

Yet still, Quill still doesn't have many friends. But Quill doesn't need friends.

She has other fangirls, and fans, and people who actually appreciate and love her work and writings.

Oh, her writings!

That is the reason she doesn't mind being a hermit, or not having a large amount of friends, for she can write. Write in the late night, the early hours of day, at dusk, at dawn and the times in between.

For Quill's imagination is endless.

The last time she counted, she had 20 different fanfiction ideas in her head.

What is fanfiction?

You shouldn't ask that question, either.

Fanfiction is like her bread and water, and is like the watering hole and bread maker to QuillOwl.

It's where she can be honestly insane. For people don't call it 'insanity' there, they call it 'fangirling' or 'ranting' and so many other words to describe herself and millions of others.

Still, she's a hermit. A hermit with a lack of friends, even for a fangirl.

She doesn't have many 'fangirling' friends either, for she is very shy. She reviews and makes comments politely, and only the nicest of Authors and Fans would eagerly reply back.

>And even then, she is still shy.<p>

There is only few she has been slightly herself around, but only one person has truly seen her full personality and awkwardness in its fine glory.

'The Blue Phantom'.

Well, her name wasn't really 'The Blue Phantom'. It was a just a pen name, a way to protect people's identity from each other, just like Quill's name isn't 'QuillOwl'.

Even though, she wouldn't mind if it was her real name. Getting the occasional shout from somebody at school, and they say: "Hey, Quill!" or "What are you doing, Quilly?" and everybody will have to ask "Why is your name 'Quill'?"

Then, she can use that opening of opportunity to tell them about the world of fangirling and fandoms and everything that just screamed out what her life was like.

See, fangirling was her life!

It was involved with her every situation, her every moment, her every strange event that caused her to be thrown into the world of fantasy and just full-blown weirdness.

Well, the strange event that thrown her into the world of fantasy only happened once.

* * *

><p>Quill sat in front of the laptop, her dark blonde yet brunette hair slightly getting in her eyesight which she would stubbornly blow away.<p>

Children screamed outside her small, double attached, house. They screamed with a loud, booming voice that just sounded so terribly annoying!

"Urgh, stupid humans..." Quill muttered under her breath as she slammed her fingers on her keyboard swiftly, typing up words and sentences with quick motions.

Quill looked outside her window, apart from the giant palm tree blocking her view (**A/N: Yes, I do have a palm tree in my front garden. It just reaches the view of my window.) **she could see the dull, beige colors of the giant, long rows of attached houses beyond the grey, small car park below.

Apart from that, nothing else can be seen.

Well, except the snow of course.

The small snowflakes fell elegantly and gently from the clouds, changing the dull landscape into a frosted, and scattered white, land of wonderful winter.

Even though, it wasn't enough to create a snow day within the day or moment, and it could only make the atmosphere drop several more degrees in temperature, Quill couldn't help but smile at the descending, frosted snowflakes of joy.

She laughed silently, imagining what fun she could have if the snow fell for much longer and became a large blanket then a little sugary topping. Snowball fights, Sledding, Snowmen...

And hunting a certain Winter Spirit. **(A/N: I'm not joking. I'm planning to buying a large net from eBay to capture him XD)**

Yes, for that is another reason she doesn't have a large quantity of friends.

Sure, her friends understand she has obsessions with books and music and everything else. But, there is only so far a friend can withstand before they understand that they should leave you alone with your crazy self.

She crossed the line when she started obsessing over 'Rise of the Guardians'.

It was a great movie, her friends at least understood that, they know it had such brilliant quality and effort put into it and how detailed and beautiful it was.

What they didn't understand, however, was the fact the movie can be addictive.

Just like with many things before, it clutch Quill with its tempting

grip and dragged her into its world of obsession and fangirling.

It's happened before, she knew it was going to happen again.

Just, She didn't know it would happen with something so different and childish._

Quill's terrible comments about herself were interrupted when a large beep came from her laptop.

Quill pulled her gaze away from what she was writing, looking at the notification on one of her little tabs.

Quill opened the tab that contains her emails, the inbox spammed with dozens of read messages and notifications sent from . A little, bright icon of a unopen email appeared, containing the subject of topic which read:

Fanfiction: [New PM] from The Blue Phantom.

Quill's smiled as she clicked on the little icon, opening the email to read the Private Message.

The Blue Phantom: Just thought I'd warn ya, on Wednesday I'm getting braces and because I will obviously be in pain I might seem a little rude. **

>(I don't cry or gripe when in pain, I become rude. Though your awesome personality might make me forget the pain so I'm not rude to you.)

Quill grinned brighter at the Private Message, her heart slightly warming when she read the part that he personality was awesome and could make her friend forget the pain.

Quill opened the reply link to the Private Message, and typed:

QuillOwl: Okay then, I hope Tooth has mercy on you and your pearly, white teeth!**

Quill chuckled at her sentence, already referring to the Tooth Fairy before she really started her message.

I believe she likes us, I don't know why I believe that but I do, and I know she'll be kind to your dentures...or, at least, **_try_**** to be gentle.**

I bless you with brace-safe cookies and hundreds of Sandman plushies for your recovery of the terrible event tomorrow. :)

Impressed by her response, she clicked the send button of the message and leaned back on her chair.

She sent the message at noon. Due to time differences, Blue will get the message at around 4-5 in the morning and would still be asleep.

Damn timezones! They always prevent her and Blue from talking as much

as Quill (and Blue, by Quill's guess.) wanted.

>Quill having to go when it's early afternoon for Blue.
Blue having to go when its early morning for Quill.

Quill absolutely hated it! Less time for funny conversations, and the internet sharing of Sandman plushies and cookies. **(A/N: Yes, we do actually do this, didn't I tell you we are insane?)**

Quill waited a few moments before calculating the timezones fully, understanding that Blue wouldn't respond until later in the evening (For Quill, that is.)

She sighed, changed the tab, and continued typing on her keyboard and staring out the window until darkness washed over the landscape of her house, the sky covered in stars that the snow clouds stubbornly hid away.

The only thing the snow clouds couldn't hide, however, was the bright, illuminating rays of the Moon that shone through the clouds like a beacon of silver light to the dark earth.

_ 'Good evening, MiM.' _ Quill thought, her mind aiming the words at the silver sphere of space rock, _ 'What are you doing this fine afternoon?' _

No response.

Quill snorted, of course he wouldn't respond! He hadn't responded to Jack Frost for 300 years, so why would he bothering to talk to a teenage, mortal girl?

_ 'Alright then, guess you're busy looking over the world and preventing Pitch from rising 'nd stuff.' _ Quill stared deeply out the window, glaring at the Moon, _ "Hope you have a good time doing that." _

And that, is when her day changed.

Just by a casual stare outside the window and at the shining, silent Moon.

A blue blur flew past her window, leaving a trail of swirling frost in its trace.

Quill yelped and fell of her chair, landing on her bedroom floor with a startled thump.

"Did I just see- Was that just- What the hell was-" Quill stuttered, trying to recover and form words.

Any normal person would have thought it was a trick of the winter light, a large bird, maybe even a lost, blue kite!

Quill wasn't a normal person.

"Blue, Great speed, seemed it was flying, spreading frost-" Her throat caught on the last part.

Frost.

"Oh, no way..." Quill said, deadpanned, "You've got to be joking, it was just a trick of the light."

Thus, she returned to her seat and the ordinary routine of typing on her laptop.

And stayed there for five seconds, before bursting out of her seat and rushing around for her coat and winter boots.

* * *

><p>The most obvious thing to say: It was cold. Really cold.

However, the temperature dropped freakishly quick, frost spread across the windows and pathways of her street and beyond with unnatural speed.

She chased after the iced trails, without a single worry crossing her mind. For of course, she told her family just she was having a large snowball fight with her neighbors.

They thought she was safe, being hit by soft balls of glistening snow and fun-times.

Not chasing after a fictional Winter Spirit.

She continued to sprint through the street, pass the familiar buildings she knew and down a path she never briefly remembered of.

She didn't care where she was, she only cared about following the trails of frost being left behind, mysteriously.

However, Quill could only go so far, until her lungs struggled for air and her limbs painfully ached.

Damn, she really need to go outside more.

She snorted. Yeah, like that was gonna happen without intense force.

Quill rested her head on her standing knees, her back dully aching by the bizarre stretched position. Quill heaved, gasping for cold, fresh oxygen.

Quill's breath steadied, her legs stopped wobbling with aching pain. As she recovered, Quill slowly rose her head.

And lost the breath she been trying so hard to regain.

She stood in a garage complex, surrounded by rows poorly painted, metal doors and dull, concrete walls.

It wasn't the garages, or the very dim and eerie light, or the smashed remains of glass bottles, that shocked her.

It was the large, wonderful sleigh that rested on the dirty ground of the garage, its red paint almost glowing against the dull colors of the garages.

Normal people would have mistaken it for an odd, questionable car, or a weird, very unneeded and late, Christmas decoration.

Quill wasn't normal.

She was hyperventilating as she bounced on the balls of her feet, vibrating with pure excitement.

"You've...got...to...be..._.kidding me!" Her sentence ended with a high pitch squeak, rushing towards the sleigh and hoping over its crimson painted walls on to the hard wooden boards of the vehicle.

Quill continued squealing as she looked at it, it's smooth wooden benches, it's brightly lit control panel of colorful and tempting buttons and levers. And the reins, even though there were no reindeer.

>Quill gripped the reins in her hands, the soft, worn out, leather brushing against her palms as she grinned like a maniac.<p>

"Buckle up!" Quill quoted, chuckling as she repeated the words of the oh-so-wise Guardian of Wonder, or Santa Claus as many know him.

"Wait, where the bloody seat-belts?" Quill continued, making her voice more deep as she quoted another character.

"Ha, it was just expression!" Quill gripped the reins tighter, lifting them up as she prepared to whip them.

"Are we ready? Here we go-!"

Then something hard whacked her at the back of the head. She crippled on to the floor and became limp as darkness started to swarm her vision, only seeing bright, icy blue eyes staring straight at her as they spoke,

"Oh, this is bad."

* * *

><p>So, you guys like it? **If you do, then review, favorite, follow, SHOW US YOUR LOVE!**

If there were any mistakes (Grammar, spelling, punctuation etc...etc.) them PM me (QuillOwl) or Blue, which ever one, or mention it in a review.

3. Chapter 2

...

**Quill replying to reviews, just so you guys don't get confused.
:D**

**ForestShadow [Guest]: YAY! FIRST REVIEW! Have internet cookies!
Passes internet box of cookies

>Yep, us fangirls are very...frightening. XD
((Also, don't worry,

If I capture Jack then I'll inform you so we can hug him to death!
:D))**

*** . . . ***

Blue here! **So, as QuillOwl has told you, this started as a review, and ended up a story. One of the great mysteries of a fangirl's mind...XD The prologue was written by me! Well, onto the story!**

* * *

><p>The Blue Phantom was about as anti-social as you could get while still having friends. (Though she only had four)<p>

It wasn't that she didn't like people, she was all for making friends, it was just the other girls shunned her.

She wasn't mean, in fact she was quite the opposite, (albeit a little shy) she guessed it had to do with the fact she worked more on school than on her hair, was interested in books instead of boys and didn't wear brand name clothes.

She didn't know it, but later she would thank her severe lack of friends, for it introduced her to poetry.

Now that might not seem all that amazing, but to her, it was everything. The thing that fascinated her the most about it was how people told so much in so few words. Eventually she started writing her own.

The thing you have to understand about Blue was she saw inspiration in everything. From the tree outside her window to the squirrel that blew out the power in half the town. **(A/N: This actually happened.)**

In other words, Blue was a poet.

* * *

><p>Blue awoke with a jerk. Her phone suddenly screaming "DROID" in her ear, slightly deafening her. Thinking it was done charging she unplugged it; not noticing it was alerting her to an unread email.<p>

That morning she had yet another rude awakening. Her youngest sister came running in, screeching a high pitched, "Wake up!"

Not. Fun.

A flashing green light caught her eye. The source of the light coming from her phone. The green light could only mean one thing: she had an email. With any luck it would be a PM from QuillOwl.

Quilly was a rarity.

She was the only one who Blue had ever made friends with in less than a month.

Due to her shyness it was hard for her to make friends. It was an

unsaid rule that it took a month before the person was a friend.

Quilly was the only person to ever break that rule, each other becoming very close within a week. And they had never even met.

Nobody can fully understand how this friendship came to be, unless they experience everything from a week before...

* * *

><p>One week ago**

"There. Posted," Blue said happily. "Now I can finally sleep."

She was home sick with a fever and in desperate need of sleep. Laying back and closing her eyes, she (for once in her life) welcomed sleep. Just as she started to drift off a loud beep sounded, signaling the arrival of an email. Jerking upright the world tilted sickeningly to one side, her already pale face decreasing in color even further making her freckles stick out like Pitch in a blizzard. Fighting the overwhelming urge to vomit, she thought to herself, '_ Maybe I should have gone to Grandma's. Nah, she probably would have stuck me in a room and wouldn't have let me out because she hates germs'._ Opening her email she muttered to herself, "I swear if this is another Google playâ€|" her voice trailed off as she read the name of the email.

[New Review] for The Boy With the White Hair

Beaming to herself, Blue opened it.

**Yay, an actually happy poem without feels or bittersweetness! :D

>Lol.

**So, you're sick? Did that mean you missed the Poetry Slam!
>You didn't, did you? Or is it the next day, or later or- GAH,
TIMEZONES HAVE SCREWED UP MY BRAIN!

Sorry, but I'm terrible with timezones and stuff. When you told me the Poetry Slam was tomorrow, it was 11pm where I lived...you can see why I got confused :/

It was from QuillOwl, one of her favorite reviewers.

Eagerly typing, she replied back with:

Yeah, I was so dang proud of myself for writing a happy poem! And, unfortunately, I did miss the Poetry Slam. BUT! No fear, it's a 8 week-long thing, so I still have six weeks to read Beware :D *initiate mental dance party* This poem was written while listening to Peppermint Winter by Owl City and thinking about the rant my friend had that started with politics and ended with Dora and Diego. So, yeah...happiness ensues!

And almost immediately, another loud beep sounded, showing another email which subjected about a Private Message reply.

QuillOwl: You should be proud! Strut around with your pride! XD

>Yay! Thank god it's 8 weeks, huh? I would be disappointed if nobody got to hear your extraordinary pieces of creation-

Then, the conversation went for five more hours, bringing up all sorts of topics. From hugging penguins, to tons of internet cookies. One of main topics, though, was the cursing of the Spirit of Sickness. Someone they both agreed should be tortured and killed. They even started thinking up plans to destroy it.

Which both didn't believe should be necessary.

* * *

><p>Present time**

Opening the secret passage way to her underground bunker, Blue read the PM.

QuillOwl: Okay then, I hope Tooth has mercy on you and your pearly, white teeth!

I believe she likes us, I don't know why I believe that but I do, and I know she'll be kind to your dentures...or, at least, **_try**_** to be gentle.**

**I bless you with brace-safe cookies and hundreds of Sandman plushies for your recovery of the terrible event tomorrow.
:)**

Laughing at the last sentence, Blue replied back:

I think she likes us too. I only have to have braces for 14 months instead of the original 20. Whoooo!

Yay! Cookies and Sandman plushies!

Pressing send, Blue walked out of the elevator doorsâ€|and almost immediately died. Well, maybe that was a bit of an exaggeration. But, it was a miracle she was still alive. One foot tall yellow creatures surrounded her, with shocks of multicolored hair, with less intelligence than an infant, formed in all different, freakish shapes, most common was a pentagon, and wore anything from dresses to togas.

Many, would have screamed and run away. But unfortunately, Blue has been surrounded by these strange creatures enough to no longer even flinch at their appearances. For, they were her minions. Short, useless little creatures with less wit then a Christmas elf (How she managed that, Blue would never know).

They were, at the moment, playing baseball. Now even though that might not seem all that dangerous, they had so little intelligence they think toilets are drinking fountains and pools are toilets. Scary.

Rubbing her forehead, Blue muttered to herself, "Maybe I should have stayed in bed."

All of a sudden, the bundle of rags that was the ball hit her in the face, causing her dark red hair to fly askew. Glaring at them she started counting, "Three, two, one!"

By one all the minions were gone and back to doing whatever they did in their spare time, trails of cloth and broken, splintered baseball bats the only remains of their presence. There is no mistaking they have the minds of toddlers.

"Huh, funny, Quilly hasn't replied yet, been at least half an hour. Wonder what's wrong? Eh. Probably just busy"

She couldn't of been any wronger.

* * *

><p>Now, Quill has awoken from unconsciousness in many different environments.</p>

Mainly, she awoken in her bed, or in a hospital room. Once, she awoken to the sight of a hairy dwarf dressed in an elf outfit while doing the macarena (That was a Christmas Party Quill would love to be erased from her mind for eternity.)

However, waking up to an aching pain in her back and head while hearing the sounds of fast muttering and flying engines, was a first.

"How the hell is she even here?" Was the first thing Quill was able to understand from the male, youthful voice, "Screw that, she must have been able to see me! I wouldn't have been able to whack her in the head if she couldn't. How can she see me? She seems to old to see me, yet she does!"

The muttering continued, Quill not threatening her chance of advancing her hearing for her kidnapper might notice.

"Oh, this is bad. I knew I shouldn't of stole the sleigh, I should have listened to my conscience." The boy snorted, "Yeah, like you'll do that any time soon."

She heard pacing, the patting of bare feet against the hard wood she rested upon.

Wait, bare feet?

"What am I gonna do with her? Can't take her back. Heck, where does see even live!? She couldn't of lived somewhere far, for she was able to catch up with me. Dear god, this is bad. Very, very bad. What should I do? Take her to North-?"

North?

"No, then I'll have to tell him about stealing the sleigh and he'll be major pissed. Tooth? Nope, she can't be any help. Bunny? Oh god no! That would be way more trouble then it's worth! Besides, he might joke about this for all of eternity. Sandy? Have to find him first, good luck with that..."

Tooth? Bunny? Sandy? What the actual hell is going on-

"I know, take her to the bunker! Blue will know what to do!"

Blue! He doesn't mean as in 'The Blue Phantom' did he...?

Quill cracked an eyelid open, the night sky and sparkling stars filling her vision. The bright wooden interior of red, the dark wooden board, the trailing of fields and ground beneath her...

Wait, WHAT?!

She was in the sky! How the actual heck can she_ be in the fricking sky!?_

"Alright, take her to the Bunker, tell Blue was has happened. Heck, if she could believe in me then she might be of good use..." The voice continued, the pacing stopping just beside Quill.

She saw the edges of tanned-brown, ripped and tattered trousers, bonded by wrapping of lighter-brown cloth. The boys ankles were terribly pale and his bare feet-

Bare feet! The weird names, the flying vehicle, the muttering of a teenage kid wondering why the hell Quill can see him, bare feet and pale skin and-

Oh god.

Quill has gone insane, the whack in the head has made her brain scatter and go crazy. That had to be it, Quill has officially gone mentally insane.

Hallucinating thoughts aside, Quill had to understand that she has been kidnapped. Doesn't matter if her brain was in a state of insanity, she was still kidnapped and had to escape...

What does she do?

She tackled the person beside her, lashing out at their feet with a pounce. However, the person disappeared before attack and Quill only made contact with the hard floor.

She raised on to her feet, she head darting everywhere to find her target.

"Who are you?!" No response, "Whoever you are, you get here right now so I can knock some sense into you!"

A chuckle was heard, "Oh, you would like that, wouldn't you?"

Quill's head darted upwards, to see the sight on raining gold scatter her face.

Her body collapsed as her eyes shut, the feeling of tiredness washing over her.

_ 'Damn it! Get up you idiot!'_ Her mind commanded.

_ 'In a moment, just after some shut eye.' _

_ 'Shut eye?! You had enough 'shut eye' when you were knocked unconscious.' _

_ 'But sleep is good!' _

_ 'It is not good, you idiot! Now get up!' _

_ 'Night, night!' _

_ 'No, don't you dare say-' _ Her arguing thoughts stopped as weariness took over, her mind going blank and her senses dimming as she heard the mysterious teen say,

"Thank god! I must thank Sandy for giving me that dreamsand.

* * *

><p>Contact me or Quilly if there are any mistakes.

4. Chapter 3

...

**Quill reviewing again! **

**_ForestShadow: _Yes, indeed we have! **

0renginal: Quill was having a moment of 'I Have Officially Gone Insane' for, you know, even though she believed she wasn't 100% sure it was all _actually_ real.

**The awkwardness when you talk about yourself in third person.
:/**

CrystalxRose: Ah..., one of my stalkers. Good to see you again, Crystal! XD

Nanu Kitty _[Chapter 2&3]_: Ah, there be the other stalker. XD

**You love me anyway, you just call me a b*tch to show your love.
**

**About the story: You sir, are a genius! Your class are a bunch of stupid mortal beings that should die in hell!
>And, indeed, Jack Frost is a total hottie. T_T

I have conversations with myself all the time, which is kinda a signal for me to go outside more. Eh, I don't listen to my conscience or the signals, so it's all good.

Yeah, I asked Sandy to make you fall asleep. Let's just say...PAY BACK, B*TCH! *Chuckles evilly*

...

Blue's A/N: So, this was inspired by a dream, I rewrote it twice: once when I woke up from the dream and wrote it down before I forgot, and again when I woke up about 30 minutes later.

* * *

><p>Blue's day was not getting any better. If fact, it was getting worse. Blue shook her head as she walked down the corridors of her bunker. The walls were scarred. Scorch marks from experiments conducted by the minions, puncture marks from the time the Rainbow Sheep had gotten loose-now that was a day to remember- and dents from the time the minions had gotten hold of some hammers -there is a reason hammers are now under lock and key...

All of a sudden Blue was pulled from her thoughts by the high-pitched screams of a distressed, running minion. In its blind panic it had crashed into her. Picking it up, Blue asked, "What's wrong?"

All she got in response was a high-pitched squeal. Resigning herself to the fact she wasn't going to get any information from the minion, she caught the attention of a group of minions and left it in their care.

Deciding that the minion had come from the landing bay, she set off for it.

* * *

><p>The landing bay was huge to say the least. In fact it was an understatement. It was full of vehicles- planes, jet, cars, North's sleigh-<p>

Wait-_ North's sleigh!_ What the hell was that doing here?!

She quickly noticed several things wrong with the picture- Jack was pacing in front of the sleigh, his brow creased and his eyes showing great worry. Blue didn't understand why the Winter Spirit looked so troubled until she glance at the sight of a lump of clothes that was _moving_.

Fuck.

Finally taking notice of her he rushed up, saying in a relieved tone , "Blue! Thank God you're here. I need-"

Cutting him off, Blue asked, "Did you kill anyone? 'Cause, its been three months since I've had to hide a body, and I don't feel like starting again now!"

"Do you honestly think I would kill someone? I just wanted to ask for your help."

"With what?" There was no hiding the suspicion in her voice.

"All I need you to do is figure out what to do with her," he said, gesturing lump on the floor, which upon closer inspection, revealed itself as a teenage girl.

"Who's '_her_'" exactly?"

"I actually...don't know."

"Do you know _anything_ about her?"

"She's from England?" he responded sheepishly.

"So you mean to tell me that you brought an unconscious girl to_ my_ bunker and know _nothing_ about her?!"

"â€|Yes"

"And you just _expect_ me to just keep her at my-"

"Aw, come on, Blue! I had no other choice, unless you wanted a pissed North after me."

"â€|Fine. But _you_ are taking her to the guest room." Blue mumbled, but Jack was able to hear and gave Blue a relieved, thankful grin.

Retrieving the girl and throwing her over his shoulder, Jack followed after Blue, who was barely able to keep her temper under control.

* * *

><p>Shoving open a door, Blue muttered, "Dump her here."</p>

While doing so, Jack asked, "Got any ice cream?"

"Kitchen. Go crazy."

With a cry of joy, Jack sped down the hallway (causing a few minions nearby to yelp in terror), leaving Blue alone._ I'm gonna regret that decision later, _she thought to herself.

Staring at the girl's face, she could have _sworn_ she had seen her before. But, if she was from England, like Jack said, there would be no possible way for her to have seen her. But still, something about her was just so _familiar. _It could have been the quirky hair color, or the hazel eyes, or-or-

Sighing, Blue stood up. Glancing at the nearest minion, she said one last thing, "Get me when she wakes up."

Shutting the door behind her, Blue tried to accept the fact that they had never met. But still, no matter how much she tried to convince herself, the feeling just wouldn't leave.

One word brushed across her mind, _Where?_

* * *

><p>Quill already knew she was in a different place.</p>

The lack of hard, uncomfortable wood beneath her or the crazy muttering- Which Quill wasn't sure she was glad or worried about -was a large, bright flag that waved in front of her, screaming: _"Hello! Your somewhere completely new and might be trapped!"_

That thought caused her to have a mental panic attack. Her breath

started to quicken, her heart to race, and her instincts screamed at her in fear as she open up her eyes and-

Be welcomed to the bright sight of lovely, cream-colored walls.

That made her rise a very high eyebrow, confused about the scenery her kidnapper has chosen.

Really, Quill?!" Her mind thought, _"You could have ended up in a slaughter-house, or a cave but, no, you're here in a nice room and you're fucking whining!"_

She groaned and shuffled about on the bed she rested upon, the soft mattress and covers moving softly as she sat up and surveyed her surroundings.

The whole room was painted the warm color of cream, the wooden floor and surfaces were dark and polished. The furniture was either made of the same shades of wood, like the dressing table and desk, or were the color of beige or light browns, like her bed or the small chair beside her.

She couldn't help but think, _'Nice place...for a kidnapper.'_

Where exactly was she? The buzz of machinery and coldness made her believe she was in some sort of underground factory, or a bunker. The slight smell of dirt and water made also confirmed her theory, she was underground.

Just when she started to like this place, she had to find out something like _that_!

She started scheming, thinking ideas of escape and departure. However, none of her ideas helped her find a way to escape somewhere _underground_.

The sound of snipping made her stop, the slight clashing of metal scissors made her seem confused and look other the side of her bed, towards the ground.

A small yellow creature of around 1 feet, maybe smaller, played around with a pair of safety scissors, squealing other a small pile of hair trimmings that surrounded its feet. The hair was golden, a mixture of brunette and dark blonde strands that were trimmed very short and-

Looked exactly like hers.

She grabbed a strand of hair, to see that it was slightly shorter than it once was. Somehow, looking more straight and neat then her overgrown hair should look.

Quill turned back towards the yellow creature, and shrieked.

The creature yelped in surprise, releasing a petrified squeak as it looked at Quill and backed away in a corner, falling towards the floor and trembling.

It's single eye, covered with a goggle (Wasn't exactly a pair of goggles, was it?) wrapped in bolts and metal, glared at her with

fear. It continued shrieking at Quill as it's round, oval body shivered and twisted about for the sight of help.

An echo of responding cries came, the sight of more yellow, tiny creatures enter her already open door and surrounding their scared friend.

They spoke in squeals and cries of gibberish towards their friend, who could only tremble and shake its head. They continued talking their language, until the single one that they were fussing about squealed a reply and pointed at the remaining Quill.

They all turned their heads towards her, gaping at the taller, human being that knelt on her bed and stared at them. They remained in eye contact for a few seconds, before they all shrieked and rushed about in a blind panic.

Quill yelped and fell back, scattering away towards the headboard of her bed.

They sprinted about, moving around the furniture or jumping across it in complete panic and terror.

A few rushed about in a group, huddling about on the floor, before one turned to look through the doorway and shriek in horror and point through the doorway.

The creatures paused then gave a look towards the doorway and then sprinted about with even more speed and panic. They attempted to escape through a closed window, or run through the doorway but to no avail as they kept looking at the horror outside.

Quill was confused about what so horrific, until a male, youthful voice shouted, "Fore!"

The strike of wood against something made Quill straighten up, just seeing the sight of a large snowball fly through the doorway and land on to a group of the scattering creatures.

The creatures yelped, by their shocks were stopped suddenly as they were frozen, stuck in solid ice cubes with their eyes still blinking in wide panic.

The other creatures went towards their stuck allies, tapping the ice and squealing at their frozen friends. One creature even tried to stick the safety scissors within the ice-cube, ending up backfiring and smack into the creatures forehead.

It groaned, pulling the blades of the scissors out of its bleeding head then shrugged like it didn't just get hurt then and might have a minor head concussion.

"Fore!" The teen shouted again, making the gathering creatures run about again and get bombarded with several snowballs that froze them at contact.

The teen whooped in victory, "Yeah! 1000 points! I fricking love this game!"

Quill kept looking at the frozen creatures, their eyes pleading at

Quill for mercy and escape. Quill turned away from them and looked at the doorway.

There was a guy out there, a teenage guy that was throwing snowballs at the creatures for entertainment.

Quill didn't want to, for the terrible feeling in her stomach made her want to quiver in the bed and wait for the teen to leave. However, she had to do it, for he might stayed there for a long time.

She didn't want to stay here for that long.

Besides, she was hungry and couldn't resist the urge for some sort of food right now. Especially skittles*

>That's it, she was gonna get out of here and find some fricking skittles.<p>

She stepped off the bed, her bare feet silent against the cold floorboards. She crept up against the wall, slowly tiptoeing towards the doorway before peaking her head round.

She saw nothing.

Except from the freakish spreads of frost and ice around the plain, vulnerable metal walls and floors, she saw nothing that resembled a person. She saw a stick, though. A branch that curved into a 'G' shape at the end.

Quill walked towards it and picked it up, feeling the light and fragile wood within her hands.

She heard an echoing chuckle come through a doorway, the patting of bare feet as the invisible person- Well, Quill hoped it was a person -entered the hallway. However, she didn't see anybody.

"Hello? Is anybody here?"

The walked stopped, and she sworn she had the feeling of eyes on her. The youthful voice chuckling at Quill and her not able to see him.

"Oh, look who's finally up!" The person replied, chuckling once more.

"Where are you?" Quill asked, spinning around for any sight of a person or figure to see none.

"So, you can't see me?" The teen spoke before a sudden gust of wind came and startled Quill.

"Who are you? Where are you?"

"Ah! So you can hear me but not see me. That's odd, I could have sworn you could see me when you attempted to attack me." His voice came from the spot of a metal container box, which frost was starting to dance around it's surface.

"You kidnapped me?! Where are you, come out here right now!"

"Oh, I am out here. In fact, I'm right beside you."

Quill yelped, twisting towards her left in shock to see nothing but her own shoulder. She heard hysterical laughter.

"Now, I'm over here!" The voice called, coming near the doorway of the room she just left.

"Damn, this is almost as fun as minion-snowball-golf." The invisible teen muttered.

"For one last time, where are you?!" Quill commanded, her voice growing angry.

"I'm right here! Maybe you just don't believe in me enough to see me, but enough to hear me. But you're only a teen, so that might be why you can only hear me!"

"What are you talking about!?" Quill shrieked before she gazed at the branch that rested in her hands and a small idea came.

"Is this yours?" Quill asked waving the branch in the air, "This stick, staff-like thingy?"

She heard the boy gasp, "How did you get that?!"

"I found it."

"So, you can't see me but you can see my fricking staff...which is very dangerous so you better give it to me." He threatened, his voice sounding angered.

"No, I'll snap it in half if you don't tell me who you are or where the hell are you!"

"Okay, Okay, I'll stop joking about." The boy spoke, his voice becoming nearer.

"Alright, now, tell me the truth. Who are you?"

"I think you already know that." He answered, "Since you can hear me means that you believe in me."

"I believe in many things."

"Alright. How many teenage spirits do you believe in, then?"

Quill tensed up, her back straightening as she realized what he said, '_Teenage spirits'_

'Nope.' Her mind instantly spoke, '_He doesn't exist, you're just a dimensional fangirl that is just imagining things. They-Don't-Exist._'

'Well, how many invisible people have you met? Not enough to prove that these fairy-tales are wrong.' _Another part of her mind spoke.

'They don't exist._'

_ 'How can you know? '_

_ 'They just don't! They don't exist.' _

_ 'But there's frost.' _ She mentally sighed as the argument paused,
_ 'There's frost that shouldn't be here naturally, and only one person
can do that...and they're fictional.' _

"Okay, that's one question. Now..." Quill whispered, "Where are you?"
She held her breathe as she waited for a response.

"I'm right behind you." The teen answered, his voice so close to
Quill's ear that she felt a cold breeze.

She spun about, her eyes wide as she stared behind herself to expect
nothing.

For once, there was something, someone there.

A teenage boy, of around 17 to 18, stared back at her. His icy blue
eyes glared at her in surprise as she looked back, his white strands
of hair falling over his eyes and his blue hoodie covered in swirling
patterns of frost and ice.

Quill gasped, gaping at the teen that was in front of her.

She stood there, frozen as they continued looking at each other.
Quill's mouth attempting to speak words but never came out, making
her look slightly like a fish.

"Y-yo-you're..." Quill stammered, "J-Jack-"

"Frost?" The boy answered for her, chuckling quietly, "Yep, the one
and only."

She took a full look at him, from his white almost silvery hair to
his tanned brown trousers wrapping in twine.

She didn't know how to react, whether to squeal or act like it was
ordinary to see the fictional, Spirit of Winter in front of them.

Of course, Fangirls don't do ordinary.

She started bouncing on her feet, a small squeal forming in her
throat before she burst into speech, "You're Jack
Frost!"

"Yeah-"

"The one and only, Jack Frost! Spirit of Winter, Guardian of Fun, the
most awesome and badass person of all time!" She screeched,
partially flying through the air as she jumped up and down.

"Well, if you put it that way-"

"But how?" She blurted, "You're a myth, an awesome myth, but still
a myth! You're a fictional character, a bunch of legends and
fables...yet here you are, standing right in front of me and-"

She stared down at the branch in her hands, "This is your staff!"

"Yes, which I would want back-"

"Oh, right. Sorry." Quill passed the branch towards the Winter Spirit, who quickly snatch it away before Quill start jumping and spinning about while giggling and shrieking like an idiot.

"But, you exist! If you exist then that means- " She gasped and stopped, "The others exist! North, Tooth, Sandy, Bunny, Pitch! Every single one of them are real."

"Damn, you really know a lot about us-"

"I knew it! My friends are idiots, I was right about you guys existing! It wasn't just my fangirling mind, for you guys actually exist!"

The Winter Spirit just nodded, "So, you do believe in us-"

"Yes! Well, not at first. I gave up on the belief of the legends and childhood guardians a few years ago. But, then I watched the film and it made me believe in you guys again and also made me start believing in new people like you and Sandy- Oh my god, Sandy is fricking adorable, I just want to hug him and squeeze him to death!"

"Well, I think Sandy will be happy to have a fan-"

"GAH!" Quill screamed, "I don't believe it!"

"Well, you do or you wouldn't see me-"

"Why are you here? Where is this place? Hang on a minute- " Quill paused, realization hitting her, "You kidnapped me!"

"Oh yeah, about that...You were kinda in North's sleigh-"

"I was in North sleigh, the sleigh that you guys rode in and- Oh my god, Oh my god, Oh my god- " Quill kept inhaling deeply, losing the control to believe, "I've been kidnapped...by Jack Frost!"

"Well, it was kinda an accident but-"

"I don't care!" Quill looked at the Winter Spirit, "I just can't believe I'm seeing you, talking to you, and because you kidnapped me! "

She continued shrieking and pacing about, spinning and jumping as her fangirling instincts went into major hyper-drive.

Until, the Winter Spirit that still stood there and bluntly spoke, "Damn, you're even worse than Blue."

Quill stopped, snapping her head towards the Guardian of Fun, "Blue? You mean 'The Blue Phantom' Blue?"

"How do you know Blue-? "

She sprinted towards Jack, looking at the boy who stood tall over

her, "I believe I haven't fully introduced myself—" Quill thrust her welcoming hand out, "I'm—..." She paused, she can't tell him her real name. Even if he was the one and only Jack Frost, it was still dangerous.

"I'm Quill, QuillOwl." Jack clasped her hand and shook it as she continued, "Writer, British, Fangirl, Snowflake."

"Snowflake?" Jack questioned, raising a brown eyebrow.

Quill almost squealed again as he looked at her, "It's a fandom, a thing fans follow. You got Potterhead, Twihards, Whovians but I'm a Snowflake which is the Rise of—"

"You're talking as much gibberish as Blue does." Jack commented, "She talks about 'Fandoms' and 'Fangirling' and 'Fanfiction' and many other stuff I'm been trying to understand these last few weeks. However, she's stopped talk about that and talking about a friend called—"

He stopped and his eyes widened, staring at Quill in surprise before speaking a disbelieving, "No."

"Yes."

"You're not."

"I just told you, I'm QuillOwl."

"Oh, Blue is gonna freak." Jack grinned, "She's pissed with me about bringing you here, but I believe she's gonna forgive me after I left you see her."

"So, you kidnapped me and brought me here?"

"...Yes."

"Instead of just leaving in me, alone, in the garage while you could fly away?"

"I'm not that mean. And, besides...I didn't know where you live."

Quill wasn't sure if she should have been glad about that or not.

He walked away, staff twirling through his hand, going towards a gigantic metal door. "Are you coming?"

"Urh-Yeah, Okay!" Quill squealed a reply, particularly bouncing behind the Winter Spirit.

"So, urm, where am I?"

Jack smiled as he typed something on a touch screen planted in the steel door, gears started moving and a buzzing can be heard as the steel door slowly opened.

"Where are you? Well, this is the home-base of The Blue Phantom, where her minions live and also where he schemes and experiments—That usually end in disaster—take place." Jack said the part about

the experiments very quickly, nearly impossible for Quill to understand, "Others hang out here to, like me, and we prefer to call it- " The door finally swung open- "The Bunker."

* * *

><p>Quill's AN: Sorry, my bad!
>Sorry for making you guys wait a few days, that it all my fault.
But, hey, when you're writing the last chapters of your own fanfiction and just want to stay away from this website for a week the moment that last chapter was posted...you can understand why.

If you don't know what skittles are, I shun you. They're a awesome, fruity candy from Britain that just kicks major sugar ass! I just thought I'd mention the skittles, because at that moment I really did want some of that candy, sugar-rushy goodness. ^_^

***I don't know what fans of 'Rise of the Guardians' are called, so I decided on snowflakes because I've seen it been used in that context many times on Tumblr.**

**So, review or PM one of us if there are any grammar or spelling problems or other mistakes.

>And remember to leave a little review, even if it's a short one for every review counts! :D

5. Chapter 4

Quills A/N: Skittles are awesome. That is all.

...

RowanAsterCode [Chapter 2&3]**: Great, now I have ****_three_**** stalkers!

>Yes, go to bed. Well, I can't really give advice like that because I usually stay up until the late hours of the eveningearly hours of the morning to write a chapter.**

**OMG! *Snatches the stuff* IT'S ALL MINE! MINE, I SAY! **

Also, I've used lunaii dollmaker for my covers and also a little bit of editing on the basic computer 'paint' feature.

*MysteriousSherlock***: ****_Four_**** stalkers! Seriously, guys!

>The **_fangirly-epic-insane-madness _****stuff is what makes this fanfiction what it is, so it would make sense if it's 'awesome'.**

Nanu Kitty**: *Evil chuckles* That was the point, for we all will stuff ourselves with Skittles!

>I'm joking, it's just kinda funny that you and several others have read this story **_and_**** my other one; I'm just making a laugh out of it by calling you guys 'stalkers'.**

I'll get Sandy to help you out or something, if I could actually **_find him_**** first. *Grabs net and box of cookies* I'll be

right back, just going to ****_civilly _ ****find Sandy.
XD**

CrystalxRose**: Woo! Skittles, you rock! XD**

**All will be revealed...hopefully. *Evil laughter*
>Oh, Quill, don't go all 'evil, corrupt, author with no soul' on the
readers **_right now._**

**Yes, breathe Crystal. Breathing is very important for the action
that is****_ living._**

...

* * *

><p>The first thing Quill noticed was that the place was fricking
huge!

Tall beams of metal towered above her head, sparks flying and nails
hammering into iron as minions balanced across the ahead
beams.

Well, Quill wouldn't call it _balanced_.

They staggered across the metal structures, holding hammers and
nails. Others were attempting to grab the hammers, but to no avail
for they were pushed off the structures and bounced on to the
ground.

Quill gasped as one fell, squealing as it tumbled towards the
ground.

"Don't worry, it will live." Jack commented on her expression.

"_It will live!_" Quill screeched in shock, "It just fell off that
structure, it could have a terrible head concussion or broken ribs
or-!"

"They're made of twenty-five percent of rubber, they'll be
fine."

"Rubber? How on earth is that-?"

"Don't ask me, ask Blue when you meet her."

"I'm actually meeting Blue?"

"Yeah."

"And she _won't_ kill me for being here?"

"Urh...hopefully." Jack hesitated, making Quill
paranoid.

"_Hopefully_!"

"Just let me explain who you are, and she'll hopefully not murder you
or give you to the Kraken."

"Kraken, what's a-"

"Don't ask. You wouldn't want to know."

Quill only nodded, walking beside the Winter Spirit in a somewhat of a daze.

Anybody would be slightly hypnotic if they met a believed to be fictional character in real life, and meet their best friend online that was across the North Atlantic Ocean.

And if you were a fangirl, that just times your daze by one million, possibly billion if your _that_ much of a fangirl.

Sunlight seeped through from above, causing Quill to look upwards and gape.

Beyond the structure of pillars and scattered (also falling) minions, there was a large ceiling of glass that setting sunlight shone through. The bright reds and gentle pinks made Quill go starry-eyed.

She knew she was looking at it longer then necessary, but it looked to beautiful to turn and glance away for even a second.

"Okay, I know this looks bad, but I can exp-" Jack began, causing Quill to take her gaze away from the window, to her dislike, and glance at the Winter Spirit.

He was looking straight at a girl, who was heaving behind gritted teeth with murderous look of burning fury straight at Jack. Her brunette and red hair was coming out in fizzy strands from her tight, long plait; her blue hoodie covered in dirt and grease (Which made Quill raise a very high eyebrow) and her deep green eyes so furious that if looks could kill, then Quill would defiantly be screwed.

Quill gazed back up the ceiling, trying to restrict herself from yelping as a sudden burst of yelling broke out.

'Oh, what have you got yourself into, Quill?' Unfortunately, Quill didn't have an answer for that thought.

* * *

><p>"It's not my fault that Jack decided to dump her here!"<p>

"Bleeeegr"

"Yes, I do realize what happened the last time he dumped someone here."

"Glooophah"

"Well, what do you suggest I do? We can't let her tell anyone about this place. Hand me that wrench, will ya?â€|Thanks."

Blue was in the landing bay, killing time, and anger, by working on an old WWII pilot plane. Her companion was a minion with tye-dye

hair, dressed in grease stained cargo pants and t-shirt, named Tikkolatka, more commonly known as Tiko. Now, you might be wondering why was Blue trusting a minion in her landing bay, with a wrench no less. Well, if you asked Blue, she would say that's a very good question. The answer was simple: Tiko was a rare specimen; he was one of the few minions that actually had brains. Not only that, but he was the one Blue could always count on.

With a murderous glint in his eye, Tiko growled and smacked his palm with a fist a few times.

In a shocked voice Blue replied, "No! I am not going to kill her! Got any better ideas?"

With a sigh Tiko said, "Ggllep hakkan atooda"

"Really? Killing her was your only idea? I thought you were supposed to be smart-HEY!"

Rubbing the spot on her forehead where the rock had hit, Blue glared at Tiko.

"Laugh all you want, but when chore day come up, you are going to be that one to clean the Kraken's cage. Now, back to the girl. How about we put her in the mind-wiper?"

"Bakkals jkeknj veldn."

"Hmmm, you're right. It does look a bit like a torture machine. We'll never get her into it willingly."

Smacking his palm with a metal pipe, Tiko bared his teeth in a menacing way.

"â€|We whack her over the head with aâ€|stick?"

"Scaldk Htying?"

"No, I guess I don't have a better idea," responded Blue with a sigh, "So, we hit her over the head with a stick, shove her in the machine, then have Jack dump her where ever...except here.."

"Cak-" Tiko was cut off by the high-pitched wails of a relative running into the landing bay. This particular minion had a fistful of hair and a bloody forehead.

In its panic or excitement, it was hard to tell with them, it repeatedly ran into a wall. Tiko stalked over to it, grabbed him by the shoulders and slapped him. Hard. It seemed to work, for the minion was finally able to get out what it wanted to say. Though it came out in a rush, Blue was able to understand the minion.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE WOKE UP?! WHERE IS SHE?!" screeched Blue.

In a tiny voice the minion replied, "Hat sheptus."

"JACK'S SHOWING HER AROUND?! HE'S A DEAD MAN!"

"Skckle QwillUwl!" the minion yelled at Blue, but she didn't hear. If she had it might have saved a lot of trouble.

The two minions were left standing there. Glancing at the clump of hair, Tiko asked the inevitable.

"Gueld as her?" Where did you get the hair?

"Queskt dk kkd" The girl.

"â€|.Hhelapp?" â€|Why?

"Hileikl Tikl" Smells good. As if proving his point, he took a deep breath and sniffed, getting a dreamy look in his eyes.

"Klohdaâ€| Id thalkd Blue." Oooookaaayâ€|. I better help Blue.

Tiko darted off, leaving the minion with his hair.

Blue was in a mood, that much was obvious, and it radiated from her, warning any minion to get out of the way. Her hands were clenching and unclenching, just barely able to keep from punching Jack the next time she saw him; which, with any luck, would be soon.

"I am gonna kill him, bring him back to life and then kill him again. I can't believe he would actuallyâ€|" the angry muttering continued as Blue searched for the strange girl and soon-to-be-Kraken-bait immortal.

As she rounded the corner Blue saw them. Jack turned and started to smile. It quickly became a frown as he saw the fury etched into her face. Also, the fact she was glaring at the girl staring dreamy-eyed at the ceiling with a murderous glare.

"Okay, I know this looks bad, but I can exp-" Blue cut Jack's hurried explanation off.

"No. I don't think you do understand. Bringing a complete stranger into the bunker was bad enough. But now you're showing her around! Are you stupid or something?!"

"If you would just let me explain-" Jack cut in. But it was futile, Blue was in full on rant mode and nothing short of a natural disaster would stop her. In a last-ditch attempt to get her to listen he yelled, "HER NAME IS-!"

"Damn, I knew this place was large and impressive and all 'bunker like' but I thought you were being over dramatic." The girl spoke, not looking at the argument (Or soon to be murder, in Blue's opinion) but instead looked up at the ceiling.

Blue glared at Jack, mouthing: 'Did you tell her this, beforehand?!'

'No, this is why you should have let me finished. She's-'

'Tell me anymore, and you're kraken meat.'

Jack growled in frustration, throwing is arms up in the air in defeat. The girl didn't notice, of course, for she was still glaring at the ceiling; being all starry-eyed.

"I'm guessing those yellow creature things were the minions, remembering the description you told me. Oh, and that this is the bunker...so that means I'm in the United States...that's cool, I always wanted to visit the USA. I heard it's pretty impressive in the fangirl department." The girl continued talking to them, pacing round the room as she was engrossed with the ceiling.

"What?" Blue asked, before turning to Jack, "HOW MUCH DID YOU TELL HER?!"

"I told you, I said nothing! She knows all this because-"

The girl chose that exact moment to look down from the ceiling and stare at the bickering taking place. She walked towards Blue, keeping a few steps away, before asking, "Are you The Blue Phantom?"

Blue went wide-eyed for a moment, dazed and shocked, until she answered, "Yes."

"Well...I'm sorry for like getting in your way and being all 'kidnapped' and stuff in your bunker." Blue raised an eyebrow, before she thrust her hand out, "I'm...urh...QuillOwl, you know, that person you've talked to for around 5 hours and created a kill list and other fangirly stuff."

"Oh, now I feel bad for wanting to hit you on the head with a big stick and strap you into the torture chair."

"...You have a torture chair?"

"Ooohhh, that came out wrong," Blue said with a wince.

"A torture chair? That's..." Quill paused, "awesome, what does it do?"

"It just a chair with spikes and a giant metal helmet and powered by hazardous electricity and other terrible, painful and agonizing stuff."

"Right!" The rest of what Quill said was lost on Blue as she noticed Tiko standing on a stool behind Quill, with a wooden pole in hands, seconds away from whacking her with it.

Acting quickly she grabbed Quill by the shoulder and shoved her forward, hurriedly saying, "Hey! Look at that!"

With Quill distracted for the moment, Blue made a slashing gesture at Tiko to not hit her. '_Do not harm. Do NOT harm!_'

"So, Jack said something about you doing experiments?" Quill spoke, turning back round completely

"That always end in disaster!" interjected Jack.

"They do NOT!"

"Oh, really? Have you forgotten the minions, or the killer Rainbow sheep? Or how about the little 'invention' that introduced us?"

"Okay, one: The minions can be very useful. Two: I have learned since then, I will never again combine cotton-candy and sheep DNA. And Three: I really do regret that decision. Why? Because it caused me to meet you."

Quill had been watching the whole conversation with confusion. She knew about the minions from what Blue had said over their conversations, but had no idea what the rest was about.

"HEY!" The arguing between Jack and Blue stopped immediately as they stared at the confused Quill, "Will someone please tell me what the hell is going on here?"

"What do you want to know?" asked Blue.

"What are 'killer Rainbow sheep'? How do you combine cotton-candy and sheep DNA? Cotton-candy doesn't even have DNA. What invention are you talking about?"

"Oh, those questions are simple," replied Jack, "You do NOT want to know what killer Rainbow sheep are. You'd be surprised what can happen down here when Blue puts her mind to it. The last question is a bit of a long story."

"I have the time." Quill replied, sitting down on the floor as she prepared for a long explanation.

"Ok, so we met a few weeks ago around the beginning of winter -"

"Really?! You met me in winter? I never would have guessed-OW! Why did you hit me?"

"You were annoying me. Now back to the story!"

"Finally! It's done!" yelled Blue, "Let's try it out!"

"Jkelkal" replied Tiko.

"What do you mean what does it do? You've been watching me make it every day for the past week!"

Tiko shrugged, "Hykla"

"So, you lost interest in my 'rambling' after the first five minutes?"

"Yrepsz"

"Screw you," muttered Blue, "But, for your information, it's a net made to catch the Rainbow Sheep."

"What the hell are Rainbow Sheep?!"

"Not something you want to meet. Now shut up and let me tell the story."

"Uilnea"

_ "Yes, it's a great invention," Blue said proudly, "want to test it now?" _

_ "Weend! Weend! Weend!" shouted Tiko excitedly. _

_ They ran outside, pushing the huge contraption with them, running over a few minions, only to have them jump right back up. _

_ The machine looked like something from the dark ages. It was wooden, had a coil, around the coil was a net like thing with weights attached to the edges. On the frame there was a lever, which would, when pulled, launch the net, trapping the Rainbow sheep. _

_ Blue rubbed her hands together in anticipation, not noticing it was starting to snow. _

_ "Ready, aim, FIRE!" yelled Blue, as she pulled the lever back. _

_ The net flew from the coil, launching through the air and towards the edges of the forest. She heard the net fling through the air and crash into a tree, what she didn't expect was a shocked yelp as the net hit the tree. _

_ "Did that tree just scream?" Blue said, glancing at Tiko in concern, with a slightly worried look on her face. If she had somehow managed to hit someone, she would be dead. _

_ Rushing over to the tree, Blue went over all the possibilities of who it could be: neighbour teenager, little kid, lumberjack, old person. What she didn't think of was the Spirit of Winter, Jack frickin' Frost! _

_ When she saw a boy in a hoodie tied to the tree by the net she started apologizing, of course she would have to knock him out and wipe his mind, but better to make her seem innocent for the moment. _

_ "I am so sorry, it was a complete accident. I didn't mean to" she trailed off as she got a better look at the boy: white hair, pale skin, bare feet, blue eyes, and teeth that 'sparkled like freshly fallen snow,' blue hoodie, and wooden staff. _

_ It was Jack Frost. _

_ So like the intelligent, mature person she was, she started to stutter, "Are you- you're- J-J-Jack Frost! " _

_ "You can see me? " _

_ "Y-y-yes" _

_ "Well then, yes, I am Jack Frost. Now do you mind cutting me out of this thing? " _

_ Of course upon hearing this Blue freaked to put it lightly, "Jack Frostâ€|Can't believe itâ€|fanfictionâ€|movieâ€|fansâ€|" _

_ Only bits and pieces could be understood, she was talking so fast. _

_ "Is she always like this?" asked Jack nodding his head toward Blue, who looked like she was in the midst of a minor heart attack._

_ "Mne," replied Tiko while making a so-so gesture with his hand._

_ "He-HEY!" shouted Jack._

_ Taking a break from her freak out, Blue asked, "What?"_

_ "Could you, oh I don't know, let me go?!"_

_ "OH-umm-yea-yea, sure, get need a- a knife. Ya, a knife, now where did I put it?" fumbling in her coat pockets she searched for her pocket knife, "Um!here it is!"_

_ "Good, now can you cut me free?"_

_ Muttering to Tiko, Blue said, "Well, at least we know that it works."_

_ "Hey, yeah, quick question, what exactly is that thing?" The winter spirit asked, pointing his head at Tiko._

_ "That _thing _is a minion, and his name is Tiko."_

_ "Where did you get him? Can you cut a little faster? I can't feel my arm."_

_ "I found a glowing blue rock in the area where my bunker is now. Took a jumper cable and hooked it up to a tater tot. And thus the minions were born."_

_ "Why did you hook it up?"_

_ "I was curious, okay? One more rope and then you'll be free."_

_ "Yes!" exclaimed Jack, as the last rope snapped and her was finally in the air, "I'm free! Finally free!"_

_ "Well, nice meeting you and everything," Blue said, rubbing her neck awkwardly._

_ "Same here. Now I gotta go, Jamie is probably wondering where I am. Bye!"_

_ Blue had no idea he would show up next week, hanging by the around the same tree, and the week after that, somehow entering her bunker without a single alarm blaring, and- well, you get the idea._

* * *

><p>"So, you met Jack when you tied him against a tree?"<p>

"_Accidently!"_

"Yeah..."

"Well...at least my reaction wasn't as bad as yours."

"You were squealing and bouncing about like a 5-year-old." Jack deadpanned.

"Better then mumbling and stuttering like a moron."

"You were doing that too."

"Not that much, though."

"Still did."

"_Anyway_! You met him because you tied him to a tree, and I met him because he knocked me out on the head with his stick and kidnap me."

"You were in the sleigh."

"I wasn't the one that stole it."

"I wasn't the one attempting to fly it."

"Watch it, Frosty. You shouldn't mess with a fangirl, especially one that writes."

Jack didn't really understand the danger of that threat, and only just rolled his eyes at her.

"Okay, how about we-" Blue began, before she was interrupted by a sudden, terrible coughing fit. Quill stepped back in shock as Blue heaved for air and yelled, "Screw you, Sickness!"

"Burn in hell after our torturing!" Quill added, looking upwards at the ceiling and shaking her fist. Blue laughed, as did Quill.

"So, you really are QuillOwl?"

"And you really are The Blue Phantom, unless you're a creepy kidnapper with a Winter Sprite as your assistant."

"_Spirit_! I'm a spirit, for crying out loud!"

"Yeah, whatever, Jack." Blue spoke, "So, Quill, have you seen the rockets? Or the kraken?"

"Rockets? _Kraken_?! No, no I have not."

"Well then, Quill." Blue placed an arm round Quill and lead her towards several of the many doorways, "You're now officially a guest of the Bunker, no torture for you is guaranteed."

"You didn't say anything about death, though." Quill replied.

"Touche. Now, how about I give you a VIP exclusive tour?" Blue continued, leading Quill through the swirling corridors as they neared where Blue wanted them to go: The experiment room.

* * *

><p>Quill's AN: MY BAD, AGAIN! I was doing other fanfictions, and they all kinda overwhelmed me.**

Anyway, I'm terribly sorry and I'm going to sort everything out so I don't end up making you guys wait for over 2 weeks for an update because of me.

6. Chapter 5

Nanu Kitty: Stanley the screwdriver? Sounds like the name for a superhero sidekick or a cartoon character. XD

CrystalxRose: Hell yeah, we updated! Have I ever let you down, Crystal?...Don't answer that question. XD
>Thank you for your review! :D

...

Blue's A/N: **Blue here! Remember the minion that cut Quill's hair? Well he is her official stalker, all of you are just..extras. (Kidding of course) He has her hair, thinks she smells good, and, being a minion, is naturally brainless. AND SOON ALL OF HIS KIND WILL DOMINATE THE WORLD AND LEAVE US ALL TO ROT! And, yes I am on a S-U-G-A-R! Jump into your racing car! Say SUGAR RUSH! SUGAR RUSH! ...I have no idea what I just said... Well, to finish us up a poem.**

Quill has a stalker, he follows her around.

Quill has a stalker, he's like a bloodhound

He's here, there, everywhere!

He even has some of her hair!

Quill A/N: You just had to mention the poem, didn't ya? *Evil glares at Blue*

Are you calling my stalkers 'extras'?! DON'T YOU DARE CALL MY STALKERS- I mean, fans- 'EXTRAS'! THEY'RE AWESOME BECAUSE THEY CAN PUT WITH ME BEING A SADISTIC BITCH! Which can be difficult, for I can be very cruel (They can prove it with examples)

**And, Blue, lay off the sugar...Seriously. **

* * *

><p>"DUCK!" Blue shouted, hauling Quill down with her, barely missing a crackling, blue shot of sparking electricity.<p>

"What, was that?" Quill asked bewildered. Three seconds in and she almost died. God, she loved this place.

"What it hooks up to doesn't matter. All you need to know is if you hit it, it makes your hand, leg, arm, whatever go numb for hours," Blue said with a rueful shake of her hand, "but, if your head hits

it, you brain swells up and causes your head to burst. Its fricken' awesome!" she said with a dark chuckle.

"Yeah, ignore it if she laughs at weird thing. Dark sense of humor and all," Jack said to Quill.

The experiment room was huge, deadly, and, in Blue's opinion, a work of art. At one point it must have been a hospital white, but now, it was stained with black from explosions, a myriad of different colors from experiments, and some stains that looked suspiciously like blood.

All around minions were walking, running, bleeding, floating, and sitting at control panels pushing random buttons. "I thought you said they were dumber than the elves." Quill asked, gesturing to the minions.

"They are," Blue said simply, preoccupied with a bundle of wires, "Why?"

"Why?! You-you're letting them push buttons and work the machines! Aren't you worried they'll break something or something?" she said with a shocked voice.

"No, not particularly," Blue said absent-mindedly.

"Wh-why?!"

"You know what I think is sorta funny? The fact you are freaking out about_ this._ Quill gaped at her.

"But, if you must know," Blue said with a sigh, and a roll of her eyes, "the machines don't do anything unless I want them too."

"Ignore her," Jack 'helpfully' put in, "She's been working non-stop on something or the other and been neglecting sleep."

"Sleep is boring," Blue said with a dismissive wave, "Anyway, I don't think Quill is interested in my sleep patterns or lack of. Here, you're going to want these. Walking barefoot is dangerous in this place." she said thrusting a pair of boots at Quill.

"Urh, than-" she stopped suddenly as she noticed something. A large metal contained that seemed to be attached to the wall. But that wasn't what caught her eye, on the contained was a sign that clearly stated: WARNING: RAINBOW SHEEP. DO NOT ENTER UNLESS HEAVILY ARMED.

"Are those Rainbow Sheep?!" Quill asked excitedly.

"Um, yeah, but I wouldn't look at them-" Blue trailed off. Quill was running toward it. With a smirk, Blue thought, '_Oh, _this _should be good._

Quill pressed her face against the window on the door. Her eyes darted everywhere, but she couldn't find something that even resembled a sheep. "Where-" All of a sudden something slammed up against the window with a demented bleat. Falling backwards with a shriek, Quill screamed "Oh my fucking god! What the hell was

that?!"

Behind her, being the sweet, caring person she was, Blue replied through laughs, "Thatâ€|wasâ€|aâ€|Rainbowâ€|sheep!"

Cautiously, Quill stood up and looked into the window. The Rainbow sheep was, true to its name, rainbow. It also had its multi-colored wool raised and was repeatedly shooting...spikes at the wall, from its back; all while letting out angry bleats.

"Are you sure that it won't get out?" Quill muttered, her voice coming out in terrified squeaks.

"Ermmâ€|yeah, I think so. All the tests worked out, soâ€|yeah it should hold," replied Blue, finally over her laughing fit.

Quill gave her a wide-eyed look that just screamed, '_ 'You think so?!' _

Blue grinned at her expression, which Quill returned with a narrowing of eyes and an evil, nearly deadly, glare.

"HEY! GIVE ME MY ICE CREAM BACK!" cried Jack in the background, shooting blasts of ice at a minion holding a small tub and running for its little, inferior life.

"Hwkh-" screeched a minion, suddenly cut off as it was frozen solid.

"Ignore them." Blue spoke, making them both turn away from the rather hilarious sight, "Anyway, do you want to see the Kraken?"

"Duh!" Quill exclaimed, bouncing on her feet in excitement.

"Lets go then!" Blue cried, grabbing Quill's hand and directing her to the back of the experiment room were an old, crumbling stone wall stood with its large, oak door.

"Here we are, the opening to the Kraken's lair."

She swiped a key card within a slot of the wall, pushing open the door as the locks inside clicked. Almost immediately entering, they were hit by the smell of mildew, underground dirt, and rotting fish.

"Urg, how can you stand that?" Quill questioned through muffles, clamping her nose tight and her face twisting in an expression of disgust.

"You just get used to it I guess," Blue said with a shrug.

Following Blue, Quill was glad she had the boots on. The walls and stoned, twirling steps were covered in moss, slime, and another substance that many hoped wasn't what they thought it was...

Lost in thought she almost crashed into Blue who had stopped suddenly and announced, "Here we are!"

"But there are still more steps," Quill protested.

"Trust me, you'll be able to see more from up here and stay a lot safer," the last part was said at a whisper, but Quill was still able to hear it. She was torn between running or staying and watching.

She stayed.

"Cover your ears," ordered Blue as she tossed a piece of meat (where did she even get that?) into a pool of water, Quill hadn't noticed before.

It made it halfway towards the pool of water before a horrifying rumbling started. Suddenly something in a blur of green and blue shot into the cavern; a swarm of tentacles thrashing about and flying splashes of water everywhere. The monster within the water let out a horrible shriek, nearly bursting Quill's covered ears. The raw meat was snatched out of the air by a beak-like appendage before sinking back below the waves.

"That, my friend, was the Kraken. Do NOT screw with it." Blue added as the ripples on the water eased, as if a large, terrifying monster never came out of it's deep depths.

Shell-shocked, Quill gave a small nod, still staring at the water.

Stolen sleighs, Kidnapping, ending up in America, hair stealing minions, meeting Blue and the legendary (And also, no longer mythical) Jack Frost, the Rainbow sheep, and now this.

Fangirls can be resistant and tough with their overwhelming emotions.

But this...this was all too much.

Blue's good-natured smile was quickly replaced by a worried frown at the sight of the sickened Quill, "Hey, are you all right? You look a little pale, maybe you should sit down for a bit."

Slowly turning towards her, Quill let out a half crazed laugh. "I'm fine! Why wouldn't I be fine?" Quill asked.

But, before Blue could answer, Quill continued, "It's not like I ended up getting kidnapped by someone who SHOULDN'T EVEN EXIST! END UP IN AMERICA, MEET MY FRIEND ON THE INTERNET, ALMOST GET EATEN BY A RAINBOW SHEEP! GET STALKED BY MINIONS, AND NOT TO MENTION SEEING A KRA-!" her screaming was cut off as she fell forward with a groan, eyes fluttering shut.

Lunging forward, Blue caught Quill, her collapsing form slowly placed on the ground. "Whoa! Hey, are you okay? Quill? Quill? Dammit."

Looking up she saw Jack standing where Quill once stood, his staff in 'hitting people on the head' position in his hands. Jack shrugged his shoulders, before explaining after receiving the death glare by Blue. "What? She was freaking out. Was I supposed to let her do? Wake the Kraken?"

"No, but did you have to knock her out?" Blue said with an

exasperated sigh.

They were still for a moment, looking at the unconscious figure that laid beside them.

"Well, here we are again," Blue said with a wry grin.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

"Dragging an unconscious girl to the guest room," replied Blue, staggering backwards against a wall.

"Well, technically, I did most of the dragging." Jack deadpanned, a smirk across his face.

"You know what I mea- Hey! Watch it! I don't want her to wake up and freak out again!"

"Well, neither do I, but she's heavy!"

"Here we go!" Their commands towards each other began, taking Quill by her arms and feet then lifting her upwards towards the exit of the chamber.

"Lift her feet up."

"Watch her head!"

"There we go!"

They unceremoniously dumped her on the bed. Sitting down on the edge bed, a silence between them before they looked at each other for half a second then burst out laughing.

"Stop it! She's asleep, we don't want to wake her." Blue whispered, seriously, between her own giggles. Slowly but surely, their laughter died down into giggles.

"So, what are you going to do now?" asked Jack.

"Hmm?" Blue paused in her task of untying Quill's boots, "Oh, well, it's almost midnight, so I think I'm gonna hit the sack."

"Really? So soon?" Jack said sarcastically.

"Suddup, I haven't slept for three days!"

"Well, while you sleep, I'm going to be raiding the kitchen." answered Jack, before he began to walk out the room.

Too tired to argue, Blue simply replied, "You do that." Then, to Tiko, "Wake me up when she wakes up, ok?"

"Qijjkle," came the confirmation.

"Good boy," Blue said rubbing her eyes as she drifted away from the room and towards her own nest of blankets and blissful sleep that Blue craved for.

Blue sighed as she thought, 'Lets just hope nothing bad

happens.' _

Oh, how wrong Blue was.

* * *

><p>As the image of the resting, peaceful girls within their beds swirled in the murky water, Sickness was overwhelmed with fury.<p>

His hands clenched into fists and his jaw tightened.

They mocked him! Laughed at him! Even went as far as to add him to their imaginary kill list! The two humans, the two inferior mortals should deserve the suffering and agony Sickness wanted to inflict on them!

And now, they're together! In the same place, at the same time, and were becoming such close friends that it was only a matter of time before trouble formed from the duo, the disastrous events being aimed straight for him.

Sickness disagreed with this, disagreed with what fate was doing to him. He disagreed so much that the anger bubbled within his veins, and fury burned inside his heart.

As the fury burned and increased and overwhelmed, his handsome features twisted and turned him into a hideous creature.

His sandy, blonde hair fell out with only grey strands remaining; his deep, green eyes sunk into a horrifying skeletal face and turned grey and foggy as a storm cloud. His skin stretched tight against his bones, giving him an emancipated look, and became a sickly shade of green. Tattered, jade robes replacing his jeans and green jacket.

The black fog that surrounded him buzzed and whirled around him with a furious rage, its mists thirsting for blood and pain. With a shriek of frustration, he rose and screamed- 'NO!' _

The fog halted, cowering away at the outburst. Sickness slumped down in his seat, knowing that it would be useless to attack now and lose his temper. He knew he must wait, wait for when they're at their weakest.

So he sat, and he schemed, thought and created terrible plans to bring on the terrible pair of irritating teens. And as he calmed down he turned back into his former self, with his sandy blonde hair and eyes of deep emerald.

He chuckled corruptly, an idea forming in his head as he left his seat and paced around his small, dark realm.

'Yes, soon they shall pay. And, as they said they would do to me, I will show no mercy.' _

* * *

><p>Quill AN: Yes, Sickness is good-looking. Blame me for that, for I was the one that came up with the idea to make him

attractive. Blue was the one that wanted to make him look all evil and scary, so we combined the both.**

And, I've made several (Incredibly quick) doodles of this fanfiction, they kinda funny (Well, Blue says their hilarious...but, yeah, she's the one screaming a song about sugar *giggles*) and I might post them on Tumblr or something.

Yeah, anyway, make sure you remember the phrase: _Rate and Review!_

7. Chapter 6

Quill's A/N: Blue had her part done within the week of the last chapter being published.

The whole three month pause/hiatus-thingy? Me and my lazy ass' fault.

The story is **_NOT_**** on hiatus, I swear to god I'd rather die then let that happen, I just got kinda...a little bit...sidetracked? Okay, more then sidetracked, this story was hidden away in a tiny filling cabinet in the chaotic thing this is my insane mind.**

...Sorry? *Shields self from the incoming objects being thrown*

...

Quill reviewing again!

Nanu Kitty**: Stalker Sickness is stalking. 0.0 OUCH! ARE YOU OKAY?! DID YOU GO TO THE HOSPITAL?! DID YOU GET IT WRAPPED UP?! ARE YOU IN PAIN?! *WAILS* NANU, MY LOVELY, PLEASE BE OKAY!**

RowanAsterCode: Yes, Sickness is good looking. I might draw him sometime, if I have the spare time (which I obviously do.) I haven't posted my quick doodles on Tumblr, *mutters* I should do that soon... Thank you for the anti-rainbow sheep spray! We most definitely need it! *hehehe*

CrystalxRose**: Gotta love the highly attractive villians, they make the movies so much better *goes starry eyed***

Hugs you* Of course you're not an extra! It's just Blue being mean *hardly glares at Blue* AND STOP CALLING US AWESOME OR I'LL GET JACK ON YOU! *Evil chuckling

Random Person (Guest): Thank you so much for your review! No, you're definitely not being rude for asking such a question. We're not on hiatus, I was just being a lazy ass that took forever to write my side of the chapter.

...

* * *

><p>Three times.<p>

Quill has been knocked unconscious _three fucking times!_

And even worse, she was knocked out_ by the same bloody person!_

That was it. That was the last straw, Quill's now wanting revenge.

With a groan and an aching head, Quill sluggishly removed her legs from the bed and dully placed them on the wooden floorboards- feeling the coldness of the wood under her barefeet.

With slow, painful movements of her heavy head, she searched her room in sight of her socks and shoes. After a few moment, Quill got frustrated after not seeing them several times; beginning to growl when they couldn't be spotted. "Where the hell are you?! You stupid fucking-!" Quill cut herself short when she saw a pair of fluffy, white socks beside her own feet. "Oh."

After the effort, physically and- unfortunately for her aching brain -mentally, of putting the pair of socks on, she detached herself from her_ incredibly comfortable bed- _A girl like her would sob about having to leave a heavenly bed like this during the mornings -and shuffled towards the ajar door exiting her room.

She crept out of her room, barely making a sound as the door quietly creaked open. That was, until she made a step forward and her foot was pierced with bitter ice.

"_Ah!_ Motherfucking-!" Quill cried, clutching her freezing foot and hopping on her remaining one. "What the actual fuck-!" She yelled, glancing down at noticing the trail of frost leading ahead, "Oh, you little shit."

Cautiously stepping to the side, standing far away from the large trails of frost and snow, Quill began following the wintry trail in hopes of finding a certain Winter Spirit.

Which really wasn't that difficult, to be honest, since statues of frozen minions began to appear as she journeyed through the endless hallways and rooms (_'Seriously, how can Blue even remember where the fuck to go?!'_). Then, not long after seeing the rather icy- also slightly moving and screeching -decor, she saw the Winter Spirit himself, casually strolling through the hallway; freezing incoming minions that passed his way.

Quill wickedly grinned, watching as the Winter Spirit didn't even turn in her direction; being completely unaware of her presence.

Cautiously creeping up towards the Winter Spirit, Quill looked as Jack rested his staff on his shoulder...making it easy for somebody to sneak up behind and _take it_. So, when Quill was finally right behind the Winter Spirit, she took hold of the end of his staff and yank it from his grasp.

Jack spun around in shock...just as Quill whacked him on the head with his stolen staff. _Hard._

"Ow! What the hell-?!"

"Payback, bitch!" Quill yelled, hitting Jack's head again with the crook of his staff; Jack complaining and yelling as she continued.

The Winter Spirit attempted to deflect Quill's fast blows, but to no avail. "Ow! Quill! Stop that! I swear to the moon, if you don't-!"

"This is what you get for knocking me unconscious with your goddamn staff several times! Several times!" She shouted, jabbing Jack's foot with the end of his staff; making him jump backwards and give her more space to attack.

Unfortunately, Jack was prepared. As Quill was about to strike a blow, he clutch onto his incoming staff and tore it from a hands.

"What the actual hell, Quill?!" Jack yelled, giving Quill a hard, frustrated and rather pissed off glare.

"You deserved it! Since you've knocked me out with your bloody stick so many times! And, if you weren't aware, knocking somebody unconscious isn't a very polite thing to do!"

"Well, it was either that or pushing you into the Kraken pool!"

"Oh, you little motherfuck-!"

A thundering crash cut Quill short; both her and Jack jerking their heads to the doorway where the noise came from. "Okay, what the fuck was that?" Quill asked, looking at Jack with unease.

"It was either the minions being stupid as usual...or the Kraken grew legs and has escaped."

Quill's eyes widened as she squeaked, "Could the Kraken do that?!"

Jack shrugged, "It's supposed to a mythical, completely fictional being, so anything could happen."

As Quill took deep, shaking breaths, she brushed a trembling hand through a hair"Alright, that wasn't very encouraging."

"Ah, it's fine! It's probably just the minions messing with us." Jack replied with his calm, upbeat tone even though Quill wasn't paying attention to him but to the slowly increasing noise coming their way.

"Please tell me I'm not the only one hearing something coming towards us." Quill spoke, eyeing Jack as her terror slowly grew.

"I'm guessing you ignored what I said about the minions, then."

Quill paid more attention to the growing noise, her face paling, "But it sounds...like hooves."

"The minions don't have hooves." Jack answered, his easy and calm expression now gone.

"Well, if it isn't the minions...then what can it- " The rest of that sentence caught in her throat as she heard the impatient, angered huff of an animal. She looked away from Jack, turning her head towards the doorway to see a murderous, rabid-

"RAINBOW SHEEP!" Quill screamed as the multicoloured monster gave a horrifying bleat.

"RUN!" Jack yelled, sprinting through the nearest corridor; Quill closely following behind as the rainbow sheep gave the noise similar to a battle cry.

"HOW THE FUCK DID IT GET OUT?!" Quill cried at Jack, constantly looking behind her to see if the colorful menace was on their tails.

"HOW SHOULD I KNOW?!" Jack replied.

Quill eyed him intensely at his last words.

"WHAT, YOU THOUGHT I'D LET IT OUT?!"

"IF YOU WANT MY HONEST OPINION, YES!"

"I'M NOT STUPID ENOUGH TO DISOBEY BLUE AND LET OUT A KILLER, MULTICOLOURED SHEEP!"

"WELL WE BETTER GET RID OF IT UNTIL-!" Quill screeched as the rainbow sheep burst through a closed door (now a pile of splinters and hinges), screaming a furious bleat as it charged towards the two. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT, AH!" Quill screeched at the rainbow sheep.

The rainbow sheep bleated once again, but was cut short when the animal was suddenly encased in a block of ice.

Quill halted, looking at Jack to see he had an accomplished, relieved expression on his face, "There, problem solved. Now we just return to its cell before the ice melts and-"

Cracks spread across the block of ice, the rainbow sheep's eyes darting everywhere until it landed on the pair and gave a murderous expression.

Then, the ice exploded as the rainbow sheep spontaneously burst into flames.

"SHIIIIIIIIIT, IT'S ON FIRE!" Quill cried, before run down the hallway in a desperate sprint. Thankfully, Jack was already running away from the demon, fire sheep from hell that tore through the corridor; burning walls and setting doors on fire as it crashed into everything as it run for its target.

"DID YOU KNOW IT COULD DO THAT?!" Quill yelled at the Winter Spirit.

"Shoot spikes, yes. Covered in rainbow fur, yes. ABLE TO SET ITSELF

ON FIRE, _NO!_

"HOW COULD A THING CREATED FROM SHEEP AND CANDY FLOSS DNA BE ABLE TO SET ITSELF ON FUCKING FIRE!"

"THIS IS ONE OF BLUE'S CREATION WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, FOR MOONS SAKE!"

"...GOOD POINT! WHERE THE FUCK IS BLUE?!"

"PROBABLY THE-" A spike hitting the wall beside Quill made her scream and fling her arms in front of her for defence, "THE KITCHEN, IT'S DOWN THIS CORRIDOR!"

"BLUEEEEEEE!" Quill screamed, running even faster down the corridor to get to the only open door in the hallway. Quill looked over her shoulder to see the rainbow sheep, still encased in flames and shooting deadly spikes, right behind her.

Then she noticed Jack was no longer beside her anymore.

"JACK, YOU SON OF A BITCH!" Quill cried, still screaming for Blue's name as the rainbow sheep chased after her down the corridor.

* * *

><p>Blue awoke with a groan, glaring at the current bane of her existence, the alarm clock. She could only think 'More sleep, I need _more sleep! 'Hitting the button with a little more force than necessary as she flopped back on to her bed.

She huffed, giving an evil glare at the menace that was the clock, _'This is all Jack's fault, bringing Quill he- QUILL! Shit!' _Gracefully jumping- or falling, depending on how you look at it -out of bed, Blue frantically grabbed her hoodie and shoes from where she had dumped them the night before.

Darting towards her closet- where the secret entrance to her bunker was -the worst situation possible to be caught in had happened: her mom walked in. "Shit," she swore under her breath as her mom casually stepped into the room.

Shutting her closet door, Blue whirled around and cried- in a much higher and louder tone then needed -"Mom! What do you want?" _'Please just be bringing in some clothes or something.' _

"Well, its been awhile since we had an actual conversation, so I thought we could have one right now," she replied, sitting down on her bed. _'Great, now she's sitting down. She really isn't joking.' _

"Well, uh, wh-what do you want to talk about?" Blue asked warily. _'Great stutter, that definitely won't seem weird or suspicious.' _

"Is there anything interesting going on in your life?" _'No, not really, unless you count meeting your friend from England interesting.' _

"No, not really. Nothing interesting going on..." she trailed off as

her eyes widened slightly as she saw her closet. '_No, no, no, no, not here! Anywhere but here!_' The source of her distress: a minion, inside her closet and heading right towards the slightly open door...and it was definitely wasn't Tiko. '_What to do? What to d-GOT IT!_'

"How about at- BLUE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Her mom shouted as she was enveloped in a tight hug.

"What does it look like? I'm giving you a hug!" Behind her mom's back, Blue made a shooing gesture with her hand. It was useless, the minion didn't leave, it only shook its head to inform Blue that it actually noticed her.

"Are you ok? You haven't done this since you were six," her mother put in as she tried, and failed, to extract Blue from her.

"Well, then its been far too long!" Blue cheerfully shouted. Making one last attempted to get the minion to leave without a fight, she jerked her head in the direction of the closet. It failed. Rolling her eyes, Blue muttered, "Dkonn hykl tyihh yuhhn ookie, ghky?" '_If you leave right now, you get a cookie, okay?' With a nod of its head, the minion darted back into the elevator to the bunker.

"What was that?" Blue's mom asked.

"Just saying how much I love you," Blue responded, finally letting go of her suffocating mother.

"Urm, okay..." Her mom spoke, giving Blue an odd look, "Anyway, if there is really anything, anything at all, going on, I want you to tell me."

"Okay! So a few weeks ago, I was testing out an invention and ended up trapping Jack Frost. Well, yesterday he brought my friend from England, QuillOwl. He dumped her in my underground bunker and now we're going to get her back home or something," Blue blurted out until she finished and look at her mom expectantly.

Her mom stared at her for a moment, "I think you need to sleep more." she deadpanned.

"So do I! Night!"

As soon as her door was closed, and her mother was definitely out of ear range, Blue jumped up and darted towards the closet.

* * *

><p>The elevator doors slid open with a gentle hiss. Stepping into the hallway, Blue headed to the most important place ever at the moment: the kitchen.</p>

Entering the kitchen only one thought was on her mind: Toaster Strudels* in other words, heaven. Shoving two in a toaster, she impatiently watched them, not unlike a cat. She had just sat down and was about to eat them when she heard it. A scream aimed at her, wincing, she slowly turned, "Ummmm...Toaster Strudel?"

Quill burst into the kitchen then halted in mid-sprint, mouth hanging

open as if she was about to say something until, "What the hell is a Toaster Strudel?"

"Well, it's a—" Blue began, before Quill threw her hands up in the air.

"Nevermind! We have a major problem on our hands!" Quill yelled, Blue's face creasing up in discomfort as the sudden loud noise ached her head.

"I'm sure it's not that bad enough to miss eating a Toaster Strudel." Blue calmly said, returning to her Toaster Strudel.

"Okay, so I'll just handle the rabid rainbow sheep that had escaped by myself then?" Quill talked, Blue's eyes widening as she jumped out her seat (nearly knocking the table over and almost losing her- oh so delicious -Toaster Strudel.)

"_WHAT? !_"

"Oh, so now you listen to me!" Quill yelled, searching around the cupboards and drawers of the kitchen.

"THE RAINBOW SHEEP ESCAPED?!" Blue yelled, beginning to hyperventilate as she panicked.

"WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST SAY!?" Quill cried, thrusting open a drawer full of kitchen knives and, oddly enough, a large sledge-hammer.

"BUT THE RAINBOW SHEEP CAN'T ESCAPE! IT'S LOCKED IN A TITANIUM/IRON ALLOY CAGE SURROUNDED BY SECURITY ALARMS AND HIDDEN EXPLOSIONS!"

"WELL, IT MUST OF JUST MAGICALLY APPEARED- Wait, did you say hidden explosions?"

"NEVERMIND THAT! WE HAVE TO SOUND THE ALARMS AND KILL IT BEFORE-!"

The murderous sound of a sheep made them both jerk their heads with wide, fearful and horrified eyes. The rainbow sheep stood in the doorway, their only escape, engulfed in scorching flames as it slowly confronted its prey, ready for the kill...

* * *

><p>Quill's AN (Again): I fucking loved writing my part of this chapter (though, I wanted to throw my laptop out the window in a frustrated fury as it spontaneously shut down and erased most of my work *mutters* motherfucking bitch of a laptop...)**

Oh, and the somewhat cliffhanger was written by me *evil laughter*

Blue's A/N: *-Toaster Strudels are heaven. They have a thin, flakey crust, a filling of some sort, and has frosting you can put on it. Not healthy by a long shot, but absolutely delicious. For a better idea of what it is, Google it. My explanation is crap.

One last thing- At some point around the end of June or the beginning of July, there might be a bit of a break because I'm moving to a different state. No date set yet, but if there is a break it should only be about a week or two.

8. Chapter 7

Blue's A/N: So we got moved in and unpacked...and then every idea I had disappeared. I had written something but it had been deleted and when I tried to rewrite it, it was shit. My brother read this and (In my opinion) correctly classified this as a crackfic with a plot. The time it took to get this up is my fault.

Quill's A/N: Adding to Blue's point, I also went to a 5-day sleepover just **_after_**** she sent her part of the story. *Sobs* I had to suffer with my laptop and comfortable bed for 5 days! *hugs bed and laptop* I've missed you so much, my babies! (Annnnd, I have no life.)**

...

(Hohoho, Quill the destroyer of feels is reviewing)

RowanAsterCode:** THE ANTI-RAINBOW SHEEP SPRAY WAS IN MY ROOM!...Sorry?**

The Rainbow Sheep were originally just colorful, vicious sheep that shoot spikes, but we just added more things to make it an absolutely terrible thing that was created from the twisted, dark depths of our minds (And Blue was the one that created them, remember? Blame her.)

**Blue! Somebody has given you a cookie! You have a fan, Blue! *pops a party popper* Now you need stalkers. **

CrystalfRose:** Aw, thank you, Crystal! Me and Blue are very pleased by the compliment! :3**

And, no need to wait, dear! For Sickness appears in this chapter! *Cheers* (Wait, should I be cheering? IDK.)

Nanu Kitty:** Yes, I was born from the fiery depths of cliffhangers. Congratulations, you have discovered my darkest secret. *Dramatic lighting and thunder***

Everybody loves toaster strudels, yet I don't have the privilege of even eating one *sobs* Curse you, Britain!

...

You know the deal, folks! Any problems or mistakes, mention them in a nice review or send a PM (To me or Blue, it doesn't matter.)

Now, let's watch me and Blue be utter retard...that have somehow required a hammer...

* * *

><p>"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit-</p>

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT, WE'RE GONNA DIE!" Blue screamed, cutting off Quill's panicking chant, as she backed away from the rabid, flaming rainbow sheep until her back violently hit the counters, Oh god, is this some form of twisted karma?! Oh shit, oh fucking shit. My mom won't even know what happened! She'll think I died in a flooded puddle or something. Oh god, oh my fucking god, HOLY FUCKING SHIT I DON'T WANT TO DIE-!"

"Spontaneous violence!" Quill suddenly cried, before doing the most shocking, courageous thing Blue has ever seen (or read, by their messages) Quill do.

Quill threw a gigantic sledgehammer and smashed the murderous, killer rainbow sheep in the face.

"What the actual fuck did you-?!"

"JUST RUN, YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" Quill yelled, bolting to through the burning doorway while the rainbow sheep was utter confused and dazed. Blue instantly followed...but picked up the sledgehammer before hand, in case she needed Quill to go major Thor on that rainbow sheep again.

Skidding around a corner, Blue sprinted after Quill as they burst into corridors and rooms, not knowing where they were going except away from the murderous creature left behind.

An outraged bleat thundered across the corridor they bolted through, both Blue and Quill gazing behind them to see the burning, furious rainbow sheep charge after them from afar, shooting spike and catching fire to any flammable material.

"Got any ideas?!" Quill shouted, looking at Blue.

"Maybe you could smash the sheep in the head with the sledgehammer again?" Blue suggested, raising up the heavy weapon she was dragging with her.

"Won't work, we've lost the element of surprise so that will be useless. Any other ideas?"

"Apart from that, nothing."

"YOU HAVE NO IDEAS!"

"WHAT DO YOU EXPECT, IT'S THE MORNING, I'M TIRED AND I'VE JUST LOST A VERY GOOD TOASTER STRUDLE!" Blue cried, Quill shaking her head in frustration.

"WELL, I'VE BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS THREE TIMES, WOKE UP WITH NO BREAKFAST, HAD TO SUFFER WITH A WINTER SPIRIT, AND THEN HAD TO RUN AWAY FROM A FUCKING MURDEROUS CANDY FLOSS DISASTER!"

Blue stared at Quill, "YEAH, BUT-"

"TWICE!" Quill exclaimed, "I HAD TO RUN AWAY FROM A RAINBOW SHEEP TWICE. AND, IF YOU CAN'T TELL ALREADY, I'M SHIT AT

ATHLETICS!"

"ALRIGHT, YOU WIN. BUT THIS DOESN'T HELP US FIND A WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS SITUATION ALIVE!"

"WELL, I'M NOT THE GENIUS WHO DECIDED IT WOULD BE A FUCKING GOOD IDEA TO COMBINE CANDY FLOSS AND-"

"_HEY_, YOU GIANT, FAT SHEEP!" Blue stopped suddenly as she twisted around at the insulting voice, seeing the rainbow sheep glare at an irritating Winter Spirit that hovered above its head. Jack grinned at the growling animal, shooting a blast of frost at its large head.

"JACK, YOU FUCKING RETARD, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" Quill yelled, but was cut short when the murderous sheep gave a bellowing roar at the spirit.

Jack only laughed, "Come on, little farm animal! Come and get me!"

Blue and Quill only stared, noticing the plan will fail the moment the rainbow sheep gets bored and goes after the two rather unhealthy teens that were on the fucking ground.

Gazing at Jack, Blue saw him wink and grin widely at her, attempting to tell her of his idiotic plan without any words.

Then Blue got it...and almost laughed at the idea.

Raising the hammer, Blue began to creep behind the distracted rainbow sheep; ignoring Quill's distressed hisses and cries. Nodding, Jack continued to yell and insult the rainbow sheep while Blue lifted the hammer above her head, preparing to strike the confused sheep on the head.

And that was when everything fucked up.

The rainbow sheep released a terrible bleat, charging forward with such speed that Blue stumbled backwards in shock.

Then, the rainbow sheep bursted into the air with a great push of its hooves, flying straight after the horrified Winter Spirit.

"HOLY FUCKING SHIT, IT'S FLYING!_" Quill screamed, watching as Jack whizzed through the hallway in a panicking dash to get away from the levitating multicolored demon after him.

"GET AWAY FROM IT, YOU IDIOT!" Blue yelled at the Winter Spirit, who nodded and blasted through the hallway in a gust of bitter wind. The sheep snarled, releasing a horrid bleat as it flew after Jack.

Blue glanced at Quill, who was also glancing at Blue. They both shared a look, both believing they were having the same idea. They both bolted through the remains of the hallway, following after the Winter Spirit and rainbow sheep, thundering sounds of chaos being heard as they ran.

Bursting into the a domed room with a ceiling of coloured glass, Blue remembering it being the place where Quill and her physically met

only yesterday. Yelping, Blue darted away from an incoming spike, which impaled itself into a wall near her.

Staggering up, Blue surveyed the room to see the rainbow sheep levitating in the air, its spikes prepared to shoot as its body was engulfed in white-hot flames. Then there was Jack, who looked rather overpowered by the animal as he only had his staff at his side (and the ability to fly, but that might no longer hold any advantage.)

Everybody remained still, all watching the rainbow with cautious, panicking eyes. Jack stared straight into it's eyes, the rainbow sheep looking back and began to growl. Charging forward, the rainbow sheep launched a spike, aiming for Jack's head.

"MOVE!" Quill yelled at the spirit. Responding, Jack moved the left, preventing the spike from hitting his skull. But then, the worse happened.

The rainbow sheep charged at such speed, it couldn't stop itself even as Jack moved. So, instead of colliding into the Winter Spirit, it continue to run upwards...until bursting through the glass ceiling and flying into the morning sky.

"I- WH- IT'S-"

"IT'S FUCKING OUTSIDE!" Blue screamed, her mind into hyperdrive as she rushed to a wall, where a large, red button stuck out. Slamming down the button, alarms blared and lights began to flash a bright crimson.

"Jack, track down that rainbow sheep before it kills somebody!" Blue commanded the Winter Spirit, who was already flying through the gaping hole in the roof after the escaped sheep.

"Oh shit, this is bad!" Blue muttered, clutching on to Quill's wrist and dragging her down a twist of hallways and large rooms in a rush, "Shit, shit, shit, this is so fucking bad. I'll be screwed if the Government finds out about the sheep-"

"Where are we going?!" Quill yelled, sprinting to prevent Blue from yanking her wrist painfully.

Blue didn't answer the question, only tapping into a pad within a steel wall, pressing several buttons until a loud sound echoed through the corridor as a door beside her opened. Without hesitation, she forced Quill inside the room.

Sprinting past broken inventions and greasy tools, Blue swiped up the needed item that was on a dirty workbench. Twirling around, she put the drill-like contraption on to Quill's ear, a buzz being heard as Quill cried out in pain.

"Ow, what the fuck, Blue?!" Quill exclaimed, backing away to rub her sore, throbbing ear, looking up at Blue with a puzzled, shocked look. "Did you just Pierce my ear?!"

"No, I implanted something into your earlobe, there is a difference." Blue responded, searching through the room in a frantic rush for something, "It's a tracker, an earpiece with a combined

microphone. I need to be able to keep track of you, and know what's going on while you follow Jack." Blue explained as she tossed things out of a cupboard underneath a table.

"Follow Jack?! What do you mean by follow_ Jack-?!"

"I need you—" Blue bounced up from behind the table, pointing at Quill with one hand as she held a metal sphere covered in several buttons and blinking lights with the other, "-to go in North's sleigh, follow after Jack and track down the Rainbow Sheep with him." Blue jumped over the counter, landing in front of Quill while tightly clasping the odd item in her hand, "The more people finding that corrupted piece of nature, the better."

Sprinting off, Blue darted out of the room and down the hallway, pressing multiple buttons and lights on her masterpiece, that bleeped and flashed as it came to life.

"Blue, wait! Where are you going?!" Quill cried.

She looked behind her with a smile, crying a reply, "I'm getting backup, I know somebody that might be able to help!"

"But Blue, what about—"

"Just get in the sleigh and find that goddamn sheep!" Blue yelled, until she could no longer hear Quill yelling at her.

Pushing a green button in a frustrated fit, a ding noise sounded from the machine, Blue letting out a cry of victory as she slammed her palm down on the orb. A blinding light engulfed her, before she vanished in a show of light and swirling colours.

* * *

><p>The light cleared, leaving Quill dazzled enough for her to stumble backwards and crash into the ground in a not-so-graceful like fashion. Rubbing her blurry eyes, she surveyed the area to see an empty space where Blue stood with a thingy. "Where the fuck did she go?!" Quill exclaimed, turning her head to see a minion staring at her with as much confusion as herself (The fact she didn't scream at the sudden appearance of the creature should be worrying.) "You know where she went?" She asked the minion, expecting not to get a decent, intelligent answer.</p>

But Quill was surprised when it nodded eagerly, pointing at a clock while twirling its finger counter-clockwise. "...She...She went back in time?" Quill guessed, the minion smiling as it gave her a thumb up.

"...That motherfucking bitch!" Quill exclaimed, "Why the fuck_ wouldn't she take me along with her?!" The minions rolled it's eyes, pointing to the sleigh and giving her a 'duh' look.

"Well, obviously I know about that_. It's just common courtesy to take someone along with you when traveling through time," She huffed in irritation, whirling on her heels and jogging towards the sleigh, hammer clutched firmly in her right hand.

Hauling herself into the sleigh, she took the reins and mumbled,

"Okay...how the fuck do you work this thing?" Staring at the control in puzzlement, Quill shrugged and snapped the reins while crying out a 'yah'. The reindeer took off (which was good, 'cause it would've been bad if she only pissed them off), thundering along and heading straight for a slowly opening door that led to a tunnel that seemed to slope upwards.

As the sleigh entered the tunnel, small lights flickered on. Laughing, Quill joyfully screamed, "Everyone loves the sleigh!" before taking hold of the rein tighter (She'll prefer not to fall off the sleigh, obviously.)

Suddenly, the ground gave way under her as she bursted out of the tunnel and into the crisp, Winter air. Snow blew into her face as the hooves scraped the ground before taking off to the skies. As they climbed higher, the air became colder and made Quill's throat sting. As the sleigh leveled out above the clouds, she muttered to herself, "Now, time to get down to business..." Quill stopped in realization, "Shit, where the fuck did Jack and that monster go?"

Glancing down, a path of frost and half-melted snow stood out against the street, giving her a good indication of where to. "Well, that was easy." There was a pause, "Annnnnnnnd, I probably just jinxed it..." Wheeling the reindeer around, she followed the path. The farther the trail went, the harder it was to see. The culprit: snow plows. Pushing snow off the streets and covering the path until their was only small signs of slush to be seen.

"Motherfucking snowtrucks." Quill cursed under her breath as she hit the downtown area, all traces finally vanished from the streets. Swearing, she drew the reindeer closer to the ground, in hopes of picking up the trail again. "Please tell me I won't have to land and get out of this thing to find the damn trail again." She faced up to the skies as if pleading, before a booming bleat drew her attention away from the clouds and to a small, abandoned warehouse to her left.

Changing her direction, Quill angled closer to the ground. Landing behind the warehouse, she stopped to listen inside the warehouse. A thunderous crash echoed throughout the building, followed by a thudding noise accompanied with an angered bleat. "If I have learned anything from movies and shit TV, it's that you never go into the building with strange noises coming from it," She muttered, hefting her hammer in her hand. "Unfortunately, I have never been that good of a listener...also, I'm British."

Swinging out of the sleigh, she crept towards the open service door, snow crunching under her boots. "Oh, I'm going to regret this later." She sighed, peeking around the corner to be met with the sight of a frozen, iced room and sand bags impaled by spikes. A blur of color sped past the door, skidding on the ice-covered floor.

The rainbow sheep launched its spikes at Jack, who swung his staff to freeze them mid-air. The spikes of mass sheep-duction clattered to the ground just as a column of flames was shot at the Winter Spirit. Ducking, Jack aimed a blast of ice at the sheep. Successfully, the blast caught the side of the sheep, causing it to slide across the floor.

Sitting outside of the warehouse, Quill waited for the perfect moment

to attack...In other words, throw her hammer at the motherfucker. As the sheep turned to face Jack, she crept into the building. Then, ever so carefully, she brought her arm back and hurled the hammer as hard as she could. Not waiting to see if it hit, she whirled around and darted for the door.

Stunned, the sheep stood there, giving Jack the desperate opening he needed. Blasting the sheep with ice, he waited until it was encased in a block. Silence finally filled the room, before Jack called out, "Hey, are you okay?"

"Yeah, fine." Quill yelled a reply "Can it get out of there? It's fucking freezing." She bent down to grab her hammer, shivering as she eyed the frozen sheep warily.

"The block should probably hold it," The Winter Spirit explained, "but let's get it back to the bunker as soon as possible."

"And how the hell are we going to do that, Smartass?"

"Easy, we'll put it in the back of the sleigh."

"Great..." Quill spoke with false joy, sarcasm in her tone also.

After much pushing, lifting, and a shit lot of hushed cursing from a certain teen, they were finally able to get it secured in the back of the sleigh with a bundle of rope. "Well, that was fun," Quill said, rubbing her hands together.

"You should probably leave now, before the ice melts and it escapes."

"Where are you going?"

"Leading the way."

"Oh, good. I thought you were gonna abandon me and go to a different time period like Blue did or something." Quill mumbled as she went towards the controls and reins of the sleigh.

"What?" Jack asked, puzzled.

Quill rolled her eyes, "Nevermind, just lead the way."

Snapping the reins, Quill and the sleigh lurched forward and was soon in the air. Quill searched the clouds, following after the blue blur that was Jack with a victorious smile on her face.

However, She soon became aware of a slight buzzing noise. Brushing it off as nothing, she, nonetheless, sped up the sleigh. As the buzzing increased, she slowly became more and more uneasy and paranoid. The buzzing grew louder and louder, until it was almost deafening, when faint words intermixed with it. "I...am...Sickness."

Wait, what? That couldn't have been right. Sickness wasn't real, he was just something made up, a joke created by two crazy fangirls...But, then again, this is coming from someone who has met Jack Frost.

..._Fuck._

Quill snapped the reins fiercely just as a black cloud of mist shrouded the sleigh. With the buzzing came a voice, _"You should have thought twice before planning to kill me. I'm watching, always watching."_

"Wait? Watching?! You've been _stalking_ us?!" Quill yelled, panic arising as the smoke began to overwhelm the air surrounding her.

There was no answer, just a vague humanoid shape that had made itself visible in the mist. Mentally screaming, Quill brought her hand up to her ear, "B-Blue! There's a person. I think...I think it's Sickness! He's _real!_" The blackness came closer to her, a pit setting at the bottom of her stomach as everything felt too hot. A cough escaped her just as the sleigh dropped, reindeer suddenly out cold and looking slightly green.

Jerking at the reins, she attempted to regain the lost momentum, all while screeching into her earpiece, "HOLY SHIT! BLUE HELP! SICKNESS HAS INFECTED THE REINDEER! MAYDAY! MAYDAY! GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN! CRASHING! BLUE, _HELP!_"

Her shouts were cut off as the sleigh crashed into the ground with a booming _whump_. Quill flew out of the sleigh, flipping forward and hitting something hard, causing her to lose consciousness.

* * *

><p>Icy fog escaped Blue's mouth, her warm breath turning cloudy in the bitter, snowy landscape. Blue shivered, pulling her hoodie closer as she crept through the dense forest. 'Damn, I should have brought a coat...or traveled here during _the Summer._' Blue thought, looking down at the machine in irritation, its several lights blinking up at her in an almost teasing way.

"B-Blue! There's a person-...HOLY SHIT-...SICKNESS HAS INFECT REINDEER-...GOING DOWN, GOING DOWN-...BLUE, HELP!" The voice of Quill cried, coming from the earpiece implanted in Blue's ear, her voice was static and cut off constantly, making Blue growl in annoyance and tap her earlobe where the earpiece was.

No noise came, only static, which made Blue creep through the winter forest with more speed.

Ducking behind a bush suddenly, Blue peered over to see a giant area far below. With a lake frozen and the trees sprinkled with the snow, the sight was almost beautiful.

But Blue wasn't beginning to grin at the lovely landscape, oh no, she was grinning at something else.

"Come on, you stupid reptile! Let me just tighten this one more bolt-URGH, _DAMMIT_ TOOTHLESS!"

Grinning so wide that it began to hurt her cheeks, Blue scavenged through her hoodie to take out a small dart gun, with two dart filled with a serum to knock out any person...or large reptile. Chuckling, Blue crept closer towards her need targets, her dart gun ready to

shot and her machine prepared for instant use.

Oh, the advantages of having a time machine.

* * *

><p>Quill's AN: *Thor is a god from Norse Mythology and is also a superhero in the Marvel comics. He is, basically, an alien with a badass motherfucking hammer that emits lightning and knock people the fuck out. If you want more information, then Google it.**

Remember to review, lovelies! Every review you send will give us a free can of Anti-Rainbow Sheep spray. *Pouts* Please save us from the horror and **_review!_**

End
file.